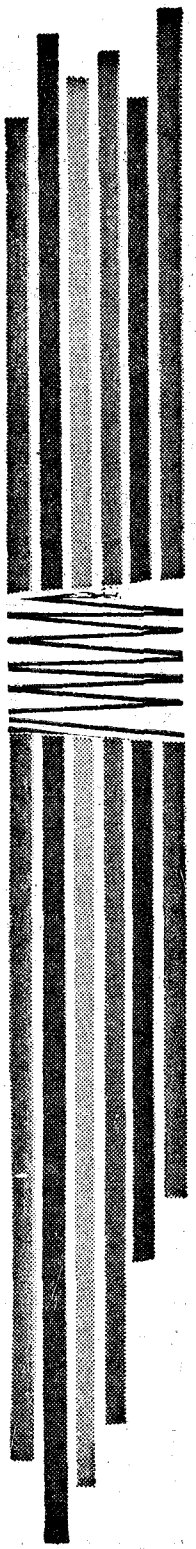
THE NATION

May 4, 1963 . . 25c



From a Southern Poet

Battle Hymn In Birmingham

Charles G. Bell

RAPID TRANSIT: THE NEGLECTED HIGHWAY

Senator Harrison A. Williams

Syria: Test of Arab Unity

Gary LeCompte and Leo Hamalian

The Charles C. She
EAST TENNESSEE
JOHNSON CITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Foster-home problem

New York City

Dear Sirs: The Nation's fine series on the foster-home problem [April 6 and 13] by Richard Haitch merits the praise and the thanks of all those concerned with the plight of our country's homeless and uprooted children. The author has done a notable job of gathering the facts on this immense problem, of absorbing the nation-wide picture, and of presenting vividly, accurately and thoughtfully the significant aspects which should move every citizen.

It is not only a fine job of reporting; it is an outstanding piece of interpretative journalism, for the implications drawn from this critical picture and the indications for needed action are realistic and constructive.

As a voluntary child-care agency which cares for some 1,500 children each year in foster homes, in residential treatment centers and in small-group residences, the Jewish Child Care Association is of course keenly concerned with the problems Mr. Haitch presents—the increasing difficulty of recruiting a sufficient number of good foster homes, and the shortages in casework and in residential-care personnel. We have experimented with new forms of care for our increasingly troubled child population—small agency-owned foster homes and group residences—and with new services, including a foster-family day-care service. And we continue to explore new ways both of holding families together, where possible, and of recruiting and holding appropriate foster families. But the unmet needs still challenge all of us —in our own city, and even more sharply wherever child-care funds and services are minimal.

It is to be hoped that your fine series, in focusing public attention on the situation, will help to stimulate support for constructive action to meet this critical problem.

John L. Freeman
President, Jewish Child Care Association of New York

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Richard Haitch's two-part article points up in a significant and stimulating way the dilemma facing child-welfare workers today. Many who recognize the need for and importance of "preventive help"—before the children come into foster care—will appreciate Mr. Haitch's call for increased family counseling and increased community resources such as homemaker service and day-care centers which may help to stem the tide of placements. Here in Philadelphia such a call was recently issued by a group of citizens who, at the request of the Mayor, had spent some eighteen months studying child-welfare problems.

Those of us engaged in the sometimes almost futile task of finding foster homes appreciate the problems Mr. Haitch sets forth. His article will help to develop an understanding of the kinds of problems many dependent children bring into a foster home and the almost semi-therapeutic relationship the foster parents need to develop with these children. This greater knowledge will go a long way toward helping the public know what is needed and further help convince our communities that our foster parents are entitled to a sum commensurate with their contributions. . . .

We would like very much to be able to use these articles in our own community education and recruitment program. Would you please let us know if reprints are available?

Eudice Glassberg
Project Director, Foster Homes Educational Program

Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Just a word of congratulations on the two excellent articles by Richard Haitch on services to children in foster homes. Currently the Connecticut Legislative Assembly is considering several bills relative to services to children. I am wondering if reprints of the articles would be available for the twenty-five legislators who make up the Legislative Committee.

Again, our congratulations on a job well done. *Edward J. Power, ACSW*
Executive Secretary, Bureau of Social Service Archdiocese of Hartford, Conn.

Accurate aim

Middle Village, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: With its eloquent protest against the Air Force's brainwashing and legal terrorism in the Gerald Anderson murder case, Jack Foisie's article in *The Nation* of April 6 is great journalism. I hope Mr. Foisie's sting will rouse some of our warlords from their overstuffed launching pads.

George Koski

Irredentism

New Brunswick, N. J.

Dear Sirs: That there should be a German irredentism seems so self-evident that it should need no documentation, but let me add two footnotes to your editorial reference to it (April 20): (1) There are posters along West German roads that show only a map of all (prewar) Germany, starkly divided into three parts and bearing the simple legend, *Niemals!*; (2) What we call East Germany is referred to by West Germans as Middle Germany. *David L. Cowen*
Rutgers University

THE NATION

Saturday, May 4, 1963
Volume 196, No. 18

In this issue

EDITORIALS

365

ARTICLES

367 Rapid Transit: The Neglected Highway
Senator Harrison A. Williams

370 Battle Hymn in Birmingham
Charles G. Bell

373 Ambush at Omaha Pass
Kenneth Woodward

375 Syria: Test of Arab Unity
Gary LeCompte and *Leo Hamalian*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

377 Flirting with History
Webster Schott

378 Violence in the Abstract
D. J. Goodspeed

378 South Wind (poem)
John Haines

379 Are Cigarettes Necessary?
George A. Silver, M.D.

380 Theatre
Harold Clurman

381 Art
Hilton Kramer

382 Jazz
Benjamin Boretz

383 Sparrow (poem)
Wendell Berry

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 384)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Assistant to the Editors

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Hilton Kramer, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
A. R. Ammons, Poetry

Jane Stolle, United Nations
Alexander Werth, Europe

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, May 4, 1963. Vol. 196, No. 18

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How About Donovan?

What is happening in Cuba we know only by hearsay and prejudiced, wish-fulfilling scribbling by reporters who should be working for fiction editors. But what goes on in the United States we can see. It is a distressing exhibition of floundering at the furthest remove from statesmanship. This applies in about equal measure to the Administration and its critics. Their eyes fixed on 1964, Goldwater, Rockefeller and Nixon have sounded off with a maximum of irresponsibility and a minimum of practical wisdom. Senator Keating is only slightly more conscientious. The President, who bears the responsibility, is maneuvering cautiously between the realities of the situation and the necessity of not exposing his flank to the Republicans. He is well aware that only a large-scale military operation could dispossess Castro, and that this might result in a nuclear exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union. In an effort to avoid a catastrophe, yet not lay himself open to the accusation of inaction, he resorts to such headline-catching maneuvers as the proposed OAS embargo on a trade with Cuba that is already practically nonexistent, and empowering the OAS Council to "investigate" subversion by Castro anywhere in the Western Hemisphere — if necessary without the member government's permission. This harebrained idea was supported by all the spoonfed dictatorships, actual and incipient, in Latin America, with six abstentions by nations whose representatives still retained their senses, and one negative vote.

More to the Administration's credit is the Attorney General's belated recognition of the neutrality laws. So the hit-and-run raids have been stopped, which is all to the good except in one respect — it raises the frustration of the activists among the Cuban exiles still closer to the threshold of psychosis. Gradually, however, the Administration seems to be waking up to the realization that the refugees are a social problem, that they cannot be used as an invasion spearhead, and that they are the very last element from whom a government could ever be formed if Castro were deposed, assassinated or conquered.

All the Administration has done is shift tactics to suit the exigencies of the moment. As far as policy goes, there is no sign of any adjustment to reality. In any decently run corporation, advisers so ineffectual would have been fired long ago. But the President can call on anyone he pleases, specifically James B. Donovan who, in contrast to everyone else who has tried his hand — from Secretary of State Rusk down — has an unbroken record of success. He has brought all the prisoners home; he is dedicated, level-headed and popular. Equally in his favor, he has been in Cuba more than any other American in recent months; he is *persona grata* with Castro as much as any American can be, and he knows the Cuban situation at first hand, not out of position papers composed in Washington. The President badly needs a workable policy. He just might get one from Donovan — if he would try.

Aerospace to Oceanography

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. David Hoffman, aviation editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, visited a "desert Valhalla" in Tucson, Arizona, where tired B-47 Stratojets and other worn-out military aircraft go. There the usable parts are salvaged and the rest reduced to aluminum ingots. It is a story to rend the heart, for apparently Hoffman thinks the aircraft are alive. Every time an intercontinental missile is accepted by the Air Force, a "tired nuclear warrior" flies into "honorable retirement." Some, no doubt, have strokes and heart attacks in anticipation of what, in the bowels of their computers, they know awaits them. So far, according to the statistics furnished to Hoffman by the 2704th Aircraft Storage and Disposition Group, 3,600 military aircraft have been cremated in this mortuary, while 1,446 still intact, and 1,800 partially dismembered, await the same fate. As it comes to all men, death must come, sadly, to all aircraft.

Sad also for the aerospace companies since, unlike the lovely days of World War II and the permanent war that followed, defunct aircraft are no longer replaced, plane for plane. Missiles, from a business and patriotic standpoint, are an inadequate substitute. Another vigilant newsman, John C. Waugh of *The Christian Science Monitor*, has discovered what the aerospace companies propose to do about it. Like stout Cortez on his peak in Darien, they gaze at the Pacific, in fact at all the oceans. "Private industry's next new world to conquer," Waugh concludes, "lies out to sea."

The impetus, it appears, comes in the train of a stepped-up governmental (and scientific) interest in oceanography. Not exactly oceanography in the sense of the Scripps institute at La Jolla or the laboratory at Woods Hole; sad to relate, the National Academy of Sciences Committee on Oceanography recently issued a report recommending a ten-year program for research without once mentioning industry. The National Security Industrial Association countered this by deputizing Aerojet-General to conduct a study on industry's proper role in the great enterprise. Although the study is incomplete, Aerojet-General found that private companies could supply about 3,400 scientists and engineers to man the project, of whom 400 are either "trained, practical or potential" oceanographers, straining to get into the ocean and find out what is there.

Among other companies in the race are Boeing, Lockheed, North American, Northrop and United Air-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

craft, all honored names in aerospace; and General Motors, Ford, Westinghouse, Texas Instruments, Loral Electronics, General Mills and Collier Chemical Company. With few exceptions, according to an expert, all "are seeking government subsidy through contracts." What else? The government is the only available customer. Different as they may be physically, in this respect the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean are precisely like the vacuum of space. Nevertheless, as long as they will refrain from concentrating on submarine and anti-submarine warfare, it is good to hear of the new ambitions of the weapons manufacturers. Whether or not the taxpayers get their money's worth, their chances of having their heads blown off will be lessened.

Empires of Toothpicks

Hugh M. Hefner, the head of Playboy Club and publisher of *Playboy*, contends that payments of $79,000 were "extorted" from the club in its efforts to obtain a liquor license from the State Liquor Authority in New York. "We paid," says Mr. Hefner, "not as an illicit enterprise, to secure illegal or improper favors, but as honest operators trying to secure our legal rights. . . . The Playboy Club executives who were forced to pay for what they were already legally entitled to are no more guilty of 'conspiracy' than the parent who pays the kidnaper for the return of his child before calling the police. We had a $4,000,000 'baby' at stake. . . . We hadn't come here [*New York*] to invest $2.5 million in a club not to make a profit — it cost us $4 million before we got through. If we accepted what he [*the chairman of the State Liquor Authority*] wanted to offer [*a club or "nonprofit" license*] . . . we would have had an empire of toothpicks . . . just silly."

The difficulty with this explanation is that Mr. Hefner has set quite a different standard of ethical behavior for corporate executives in the pages of *Playboy*, which recently carried a series of articles, culminating in a lofty colloquy, on the subject of "Business Ethics and Morality." In this colloquy, *Playboy's* spokesman raised such questions as these: "Are we, as we have been told, living in a 'genial society' in which every form of corruption is cheerfully tolerated? Have we lost our capacity for indignation? Are we 'other-directed' sheep lacking any system of individual values? . . . What should the individual executive do when he finds himself asked to do something that is unethical?" If corporate executives generally took the same relaxed view of these issues that Mr. Hefner and his associates have exhibited in approaching the State Liquor Authority — and there is good reason to believe that many of them would do just that — then the ethical structure of this "genial society" is not much more substantial than "an empire of toothpicks."

But the empire of profits remains intact. Thanks to interventions by the district attorney and Governor Rockefeller, the SLA decided not to revoke the regular profit license that the Playboy Club had won through its "arrangements"—and this despite an iron-clad authority regulation requiring revocation of any license when the licensee is caught in bribery. The conviction of a few bribe-takers is not the real challenge presented here, but rather the opportunity to uphold a standard of ethical behavior. The Playboy Club's tainted license should have been promptly revoked.

Image or Mirage?

Let a ruling monarch kiss a few babies, get himself photographed giving away land to the poor and announce to the press that he is a loyal supporter of the Free World and even the most fervid and principled republicans abroad will forgive him his royalty and hail him as a model ruler. There are no firm statistics on how many babies Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, Shah of Iran, has kissed, nor on how much land he has actually given away; but his pro-West stand has been substantially documented, at least in the public prints, and practically everybody loves him except the Iranians. Last week the Confederation of Iranian Students, a national union of 41,000 Iranian university students in Iran, Europe and the United States, presented a petition to the UN Human Rights Commission, complaining that the humane and liberal-minded Shah has arrested hundreds of his opponents since the first of the year, is engaged in a bloody military campaign against the peasants of Fars Province (using, it is reported, American F-86 jet fighters), and in general is conducting himself more like a Hitler than a constitutional monarch. The petition identifies by name at least a hundred of those it charges have been arrested, including a fair sampling of former Cabinet ministers, clergymen, university professors, students and other intellectuals.

The Iranian students have been remarkably persistent in their opposition to the Shah, who has been ruling for some time now without parliament and who sought, last January, to consolidate his power by a popular "referendum" which the students assert was held under such conditions of duress as to assure the result he sought. The students cannot be dismissed as irresponsible, youthful rebels; their organization, last year, was recognized as a representative body by the International Students Conference held at Quebec. Nor can they be dismissed as Communists, for in a letter to Khrushchev they have condemned whatever support the Kremlin has shown the Shah. Their case deserves a hearing; too many public images have turned out, under closer scrutiny, to be mirages.

The Great Sampler

The A. C. Nielsen Company is the principal audience-measuring concern of the broadcasting industry, accounting for about 90 per cent of the TV network-rating business. The TV and radio pulse-feelers have recently got a going-over by the House commerce investigating subcommittee, chaired by Oren Harris (D., Ark.), who will be remembered for his exposé of the TV quiz-show scandals in 1959. The industry was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not greatly disconcerted at that time: nor is it greatly concerned now, after the audience-rating techniques on which it relies for program evaluation have been shot full of holes. The reasons for the surpassing insouciance of the TV executives may be of interest to the audience which, ostensibly, TV and radio exist to serve.

Nielsen bases his ratings on a sample of 1,100 homes, in each of which the TV set is equipped with an "Audimeter" which records on film the station being watched. The actual sample is smaller, since about one-quarter of the films are indecipherable for one reason or another, and some sets are sampled only during the day, others only at night. Every two weeks, Nielsen apprises the TV industry of the popularity of its programs, based on the remaining 825 records, and the results are transmitted to those executives of the networks, advertising agencies and advertisers who decide what the American public shall see and hear on its home screens. This compendium is called the Nielsen Television Index. Another service provides thirty market ratings, covering that number of major cities; its nighttime results are based on an average of nineteen metered homes per city.

Still another, a station index, is based on "audilogs," or diaries, kept by Nielsen-selected viewers. Some of the entries are ingenuous, though not enlightening. One diarist wrote with exemplary honesty: "Set left on; no one watching." The Audimeter likewise records situations which seem to have little bearing on a program's seduction. In one case, the set was on day and night for a week; apparently the owner had gone on his vacation and forgotten to turn it off. Another owner, a business person, left it on during the day to keep her dog from getting lonely. Still another, infuriated by something Jack Paar said about Mississippi, resolved never to look at or listen to him again. Since each Nielsen set represents 50,000 viewers, this resulted in a substantial reduction in Paar's rating. It was also brought out that many field men cheat by making out the reports themselves.

The necromancy by which 1,100 samplers are chosen and deemed representative of the vast American public has not been revealed. None of it matters much, however. The fact is that the industry can get along just as well with dubious ratings as with authentic ones, assuming the latter were obtainable. The ratings are chiefly a sales gimmick — network selling agency, agency selling client, client selling his retail outlets. A billion dollars a year is spent mainly to convince the retailer that if only he puts the product on his shelves, the listener-viewers, hypnotized by the commercials, will rush to his store to buy.

Another purpose can only be surmised, but cynical observers note that there is a good deal of infighting among the network executives, among and in the advertising agencies, and in every nook and cranny of the free-enterprise system. Ratings, like ideas, are a weapon. But the ratings knife can be just as sharp if it is based on falsehood. How much dirty work has been going on under cover of what Veblen called the bastard sciences can only be conjectured, but we may be sure that the rating agencies have made a substantial contribution.

The Neglected Highway

RAPID TRANSIT . . . . . Senator Harrison A. Williams

At a time when many people are wondering whether the traffic jam has become an immutable part of the American way of life, the Congress is on the verge of setting out on a venturesome new course in the field of urban transportation.

After four years of study and Congressional hearings, the Senate this year passed by a vote of 52 to 41 an Administration-backed bill providing $750 million in grants, loans and guarantees to help revitalize bus, rail and rapid-transit service in urban areas. It was the first major Senate action of the year. House action on a similar measure, reported from committee by a healthy 22-to-7 vote, is expected some time this month.

The Senate's action reflects a renaissance currently taking place in the minds of many people about the role of transit in the future of our cities—not the Toonerville trolley or Third Avenue "El" kind of transit, but new and modern systems to transport people swiftly, conveniently and comfortably in the crowded urban areas of the nation.

This renaissance is emerging despite the fairly obvious fact that we are living in an automobile age, and show no signs of wanting to give it up. The automobile remains the most convenient and flexible form of transportation we have, and it will undoubtedly continue to meet, as it does today, the vast bulk of our travel needs. What gives concern is the rush hour, when large numbers of people must all move to and from work at pretty much the same time. During those two hours in the morning and evening, the automobile is apt to become not an instrument of pleasure, but an instrument of private, albeit well-upholstered, torture.

The traffic jams of today already cost the nation well over $5 billion a year in lost time, wages, retail sales, accident costs and vehicle wear and tear, to say nothing of the loss to our peace of mind. But what of tomorrow?

At present there are more than 70 million registered vehicles in the United States. In fifteen short years, this number is expected to rise to well over 115 million, with most

Harrison A. Williams (D., N.J.), a member of the Housing Subcommittee of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, has made urban affairs his primary legislative interest and is chief sponsor of Administration legislation in the field of transit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the increase taking place in the metropolitan areas. And, barring disaster, there is no reason to assume that the trend will not continue. In itself, this poses no particular problem, but it could become a first-class catastrophe if, lacking transportation alternatives, it becomes necessary for more and more people to use their automobiles to get to and from work each day. This possibility is becoming increasingly likely as transit service continues to deteriorate and decline almost as rapidly as the auto population continues to grow. In the last ten years, riders on all forms of public transportation in the cities dropped 38 per cent.

The cost and consequences of a continuation of these trends can be seen in the American Municipal Association's estimate that, if the five cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Chicago were to lose just their rail-commuter service, it would cost more than $17 billion to move those riders by automobile.

In the nation's capital, an exhaustive transportation study completed in 1959 found:

> *By 1980, under an auto-dominant transportation system, 12 to 18 lanes would be required to carry traffic from the Capitol to Wheaton. The Inner Loop would require 14 lanes. Several other corridors would require more than eight lanes. Not only would the cost be great, but excessive damage would be done to residential communities and to the character of the central area of the nation's capital. These findings led to the conclusion that, in the absence of substantially improved public transit, the highway system needed to serve the projected traffic volumes is hardly feasible from the engineering standpoint, and is certainly out of the question from the viewpoint of desirable regional development.*

During Senate hearings, much the same kind of testimony was heard from other cities around the country. For example, a representative of the Georgia Department of Commerce testified that "In Atlanta, the northern portion of the expressway currently has six lanes, but has traffic sufficient to warrant 16 lanes. By 1970, this need will have jumped to at least 36 lanes. By no stretch of the imagination is it physically or financially possible to build such a facility."

When confronted with such projections as these, it is little wonder that many cities are coming to the conclusion that transit has an important role to play in any well-balanced and coordinated urban transportation system. In the more densely populated sections of the metropolis, transit has a number of obvious potential advantages in getting people to and from work. It is inherently more efficient than automobile travel; it has far greater carrying capacity; it takes less space, and it doesn't clog the city with cars that must be parked on limited amounts of valuable land. But the question arises: If transit has so many obvious advantages in solving rush-hour traffic problems, why hasn't anything been done about it before?

There are a number of explanations, ranging from the difficulty confronting local political jurisdictions in coping with regional problems as costly as this, to the fact that most existing transit systems suffer from a poor public image and general unpopularity. After all, who loves the New York subway system?

But the problem is more basic, and reaches back many years when most public officials regarded transit as a purely private enterprise that ought to be provided only to the extent the operators saw fit and the fare box would permit, and then taxed on its net earnings.

Ever since World War II, however, fare-box revenue has been shrinking from heavy losses of off-peak and weekend riders while capital and operating costs have continued to rise. This squeeze has forced the carriers to such actions as raising fares, trimming the least profitable service and deferring maintenance, which simply drive more riders away and accelerate the downward spiral. The net effect has been to imperil the ability of the transit carriers to provide good, adequate service during the rush hours, when it is most needed.

While the traditions of taxation and exclusive reliance on the fare box die hard, more and more cities are coming around to the realization that if they truly want a balanced urban-transportation system, they will have to set the goals and inject public funds to fill the gap between the transit needs of the city and what the transit operator can afford to provide.

But at this point a second problem arises. When state or local governments begin searching for an answer to a particular traffic problem, they are faced with the overwhelmingly powerful economic fact that in most cases, because of the 90 per cent federal contribution under the interstate highway program, they need put up only 10 per cent of the cost for a highway solution. On the other hand, for a rapid-transit solution they must contemplate bearing 100 per cent of the heavy cost — whether the plan involves improving a rail line, buying a new fleet of buses to make use of the new highways, providing fringe-area parking adjacent to rail or bus stations, or whatever.

Obviously this situation is not conducive to the establishment of a "balanced" urban-transportation system, using highways and all forms of transit to their greatest natural advantage in coordination with one another.

The financial assistance provided by the Senate-passed bill is designed to help rectify this imbalance in federal financing.

At first glance, the $750 million measure does not seem to go very far toward accomplishing this aim. The Senate opposition repeatedly charged that $750 million couldn't begin to meet the need when San Francisco alone is beginning construction of a new $792 million rapid-transit system for that one city. Los Angeles is planning only a slightly less ambitious system; Washington has proposed a $790 million transit system; and so on across the country. This bill, the critics concluded, can only be a drop in the bucket and must inevitably expand to gigantic proportions in later years.

The point they missed, however, is the fact that these new systems can and will generate fare-box revenue to cover a substantial part of their cost. The federal aid would apply only to two-thirds of the gap between the cost of any project and the amount that can be financed from the fare box. Viewed as "seed money" that will trigger far greater local and private expenditures, the proposed federal aid is nowhere as insignificant as it would appear.

What kind of improvements does the bill envision? One thing it will *not* do is pour money down the drain of deficit-ridden transit systems that are doomed to ultimate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

failure because they no longer effectively serve the travel needs of the people in the area. A key provision of the bill is the comprehensive area-wide planning requirement — not just comprehensive transportation planning, but transportation planning that is itself based on comprehensive land use and urban-development planning.

One of the major problems confronting urban-transportation facilities has been the failure to coordinate them with emerging land-use patterns. As a result, high-rise apartments are built around the interchanges of new highways, and people wonder why the highways have suddenly become so overcrowded. Land along an existing railroad corridor is kept in one-acre zoning, and people wonder why the railroad is failing.

Obviously, if federal aid for transit is to be effective in the future, far greater attention will have to be given to urban land-use planning so that the transit investments will be coordinated to the maximum extent with the residential, commercial and other major developments of the metropolitan area.

The wisdom of improving rail service in the nation's capital, for example, must take into account the fact that the rail terminal, Union Station, is located nowhere near the major downtown employment centers. The wisdom of expanding bus service in one suburban area as opposed to another must reckon with the zoning and population densities of the two areas.

Given this caution, it is possible to envision some of the kinds of developments that might take place under the new transit program.

A great deal of the existing railroad network in the metropolitan areas will probably be found worth saving and revitalizing. Probably a good many new stations will be provided nearer existing population centers, or on the outskirts of congested suburban towns where larger parking facilities can be provided (as is being done outside New Brunswick, New Jersey). New commuter cars will be bought to increase the frequency of service. Some rail-commuter lines will be converted to high-speed rapid transit operations, running every few minutes during the rush hours, as is being done in the Philadelphia-

Progress?

Camden area. Rail terminals that now dead-end in the city may be opened up, allowing trains to flow through and expand their service on other lines.

Other cities, like Atlanta and Los Angeles, may well follow San Francisco's lead and develop entirely new and modern rapid-transit systems. The much-maligned bus, because of its superior flexibility, will probably play a far greater role than many people anticipate. Several cities, including St. Louis and New Orleans, are studying the possibility of developing genuine rapid-transit systems with buses operating in the more densely populated areas on exclusive rights-of-way or on reserved highway lanes. Still very much on the drawing boards, but probably well within the realm of possibility, are bus-trains that would pick up passengers out in the suburbs, converge on a central point, couple up into a train, provide express service into the city, then decouple and fan out to distribute the riders to their places of work.

The bus will also be a major component of any successful rail rapid-transit system, feeding passengers into the suburban stations and then distributing them from the downtown terminal to the places of work. The so-called downtown distributor system might also well include "carveyor" systems carrying people in small vehicles running continuously on an elevated and enclosed conveyor belt, or "jitney-type" buses that would circulate frequently along fixed routes in the downtown areas. This is, in fact, being tried under a demonstration program in Washington.

These are some of the possibilities that might emerge through the impetus of federal assistance. It promises a far brighter future for the harried commuter — including the automobile commuter who *must* drive but who will also benefit to the extent that improved transit service will thin out the heavy traffic he must now buck.

This is the big question in the minds of many people: Will transit, no matter how improved, really attract substantial numbers of new riders?

Actually, it isn't the crucial question, for the money would be well spent on transit if no more were accomplished than the retention of current transit customers. Were these customers forced to their automobiles for rush-hour travel, costs and damage to the city would be tremendous. Just to give one example, the president of the Chicago South Shore Railroad testified at the Senate hearings this year that his line carries 11,000 commuters each day, 5,500 each way. The railroad's profit picture has been deteriorating to the point where it has run in the red in three of the last five years. Suppose this line abandoned passenger service and suppose 3,000 of the 5,000 riders switched to automobiles to get to work in Chicago. This isn't very many people — but 3,000 cars would make a bumper-to-bumper traffic jam about eight miles long in a single lane. The same number of cars would occupy the curb space around dozens of city blocks.

But there is substantial evidence that improved transit service will attract new riders.

One of the real pioneer cities in transit experimentations, Philadelphia, started out several years ago to increase the frequency of service and reduce fares on several rail lines running into the city. Even though nothing was done to provide more parking space at the suburban stations or to replace the antiquated commuter equipment, the five experimental lines are now carrying 6.2 million riders a year, a 44 per cent increase since the improved service began. The program has been so successful that the suburban counties have begun to join with the city to expand the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

service out beyond city lines. Needless to say, it's not often that central cities and suburban counties join with one another in solving common regional problems.

In Chicago, the Congress Expressway provides rail rapid-transit service in the median strip of the highway. During the rush hours, the transit line is now carrying more people than the highway does, yet it is operating at only one-third of capacity, while the highway is at the limit of its capacity. It's not difficult to visualize the chaos that would result on the highway if it weren't for the rapid-transit line.

More recently, under the pilot programs enacted in 1961, a federal demonstration grant was made to Detroit to expand the frequency of bus service on one of the major boulevards coming into town. During the six-week trial period, ridership increased 12 per cent. A more dramatic success was scored by Boston which, with the help of a $2.2 million federal demonstration grant, doubled the frequency of service and cut fares an average of 30 per cent on the Boston and Maine Railroad. By the end of the second month, the railroad was carrying about 7,000 new riders a day, an increase of more than 25 per cent. While studies have not yet been completed in this demonstration, the officials of that city believe that about 90 per cent of the new riders have been diverted from the automobile, and that this has resulted in a reduction of about 2,000 cars coming into the downtown area each day.

These are but a few examples of the evidence that has given rise to the hope that new and improved urban-transit service can and will play an important role in bringing relief from that $5 billion headache we call the traffic jam.

Battle Hymn in Birmingham . . . . . Charles G. Bell

Birmingham, Ala.

Two months ago I was invited here as one of the authors at the official Festival of the Arts. Now I am here again as a speaker for the Festival of the Arts at Miles College (Negro). In the meantime, this city has become a hot spot of the nation.

On the occasion of my earlier visit, my performance was at a luncheon which Birmingham's unbelievable charmer and civic lady, Cecil Roberts, bamboozled a thousand ticket-buyers into attending—and the bookstores into selling 500 copies of my latest novel. I felt that Birmingham was a pretty lively place. Then, a few days after I had left, the *Saturday Evening Post* published an article on Birmingham—"a City of Fear"—and the politics of Eugene (Bull) Connor, the city's Commissioner of Safety. I wrote a letter which was published on the editorial page of the Birmingham *Post Herald:*

> *I was recently in Birmingham as an author for the Festival of the Arts. Your people were good to me, and I feel gratitude for them and affection for the city. Also, as a Mississippian, I sympathize with the problems which the modern age has laid on the Old South. But as a reasoning citizen of the world community, I know that we have to find a means of solving these problems with tolerance and love.*
>
> *Believe me, when I walked along your streets and saw the parks where the benches had been torn out lest one man should sit down by another man, and the fountains ripped up, so that human thirst could not humanly quench itself, I was grieved to be one of the region and the race which had done these things. A shadow fell on me which could indeed be called the shadow of Fear—not fear of any authority (they were all kind to me), but of the inhumanity which is always threatening to break out in man.*
>
> *The Hebrews in the Bible respected their prophets, though the prophets condemned them. We of the South have much to learn from the voice of indignation, even when it speaks intemperately, or in the* Saturday Evening Post.

I received in reply three letters from Birmingham readers, thanking me for helping the better cause. Three from a city is not many, but it indicates a certain bubbling under the shell. So from Greenville, Mississippi, when Governor Barnett went hog-wild in the Oxford affair, I had a letter: "We feel like the whole state is a madhouse, and instead of a doctor running it, it's been put in the hands of the principal madman." These hints of radical independence set one wondering: how many people feel that way, and why can't they act?

As for Birmingham, though for a long time it has followed backward politics into moral and even business stagnation (one hears businessmen in the hotels and on the planes coming and going, talking about that, saying it has to be changed); though it has lacked since the thirties the bold guidance of any newspaper or journalist, it still retains some of the power, wealth and excitement of the old steel giant who, if nothing more, kicks and shouts in his sleep. After all, there was that Art Festival of two months ago, there are good bookstores, an art museum, civic projects; there is a system of new branch libraries (Black and White made he them) as up to date as any I have seen. What has led to the present focusing of revolt in Birmingham is not just weakness, but strength. Birmingham is the kind of city which, with the right leadership, might have gone ahead rather than back.

The details of the present crisis have been too well covered in the daily press for me to contribute anything except my relation to these events—a personal and meditative relation. Still, my meditation presupposes events.

Everybody knows that early in April the Negro minister, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., with others of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, converged on Birmingham to help organize protests, marches, sit-ins, praying kneel-ins and the like. ("Why object to sit-ins?" one hears; "the sleep-ins have been going on for a long time.") The immediate goals are a biracial committee, equal job opportunities and desegregation of lunch counters. The long-term goals are no doubt what they are everywhere.

Charles G. Bell, novelist and poet, is a native of Greenville, Mississippi. His latest book is a novel, The Married Land *(Houghton Mifflin).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The situation has been complicated by a referendum changing the form of city government and, as a result, a contest about who is to run the city. Mayor Haynes and Safety Commissioner Connor, who have been more or less responsible for the policy that ripped the benches and fountains out of the parks, argue that the recent election, in which Connor ran against Albert Boutwell, a "moderate" segregationist, and was defeated by 8,000 votes, was invalid, and that Haynes is still Mayor. The case is in the courts; meanwhile Birmingham has two Mayors, both claiming the right to sign checks (one of the chief arts of ruling).

The Negro community has also tended to divide into two factions: Dr. King with his marchers and a moderate group that feels (with the business Whites) that the timing was wrong, that Mayor Boutwell should have been given a chance to show his hand (if the courts permit him to do so) before resistance began.

Despite these views, the drama has gone on: marches, encounters, police dogs loosed, arrests, flung stones. The focus was Good Friday (Dante also chose that day for a descent into Hell), when Dr. King took the Crucifixion as his theme. He had been enjoined the day before against every conceivable form of protest; but he led a march, aimed at his arrest, jailing and, of course, a new court battle on the constitutionality of the injunction.

The outcome is still in doubt. It seems likely that the will of the people will be respected and the new city government will take over, though the Alabama supreme court is the final authority and it is rumored that the Governor is foaming at the mouth. Perhaps the moderate business interests in Birmingham and the moderate Negro leaders will come together in a peaceful settlement—some progress, some postponement—at least until the school-entrance issue breaks out in the fall. I suspect that any city will have to pay for having put in office men who encouraged blind passions; but Birmingham may struggle on, "twixt a balk and a breakdown," avoiding the worst.

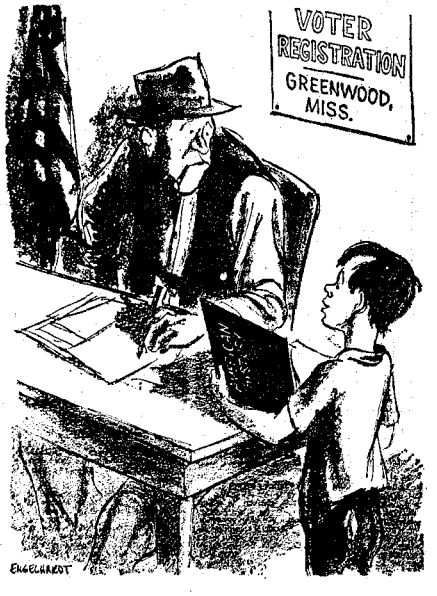
Through a welter of details, currents and cross-currents, what stands out is the historical motion, a strategy deeper than the participants are aware of, like Hegel's subtlety of Spirit—how to build over a powder keg, to suspend opposites to make a structure, to get progress out of eddies of ruinous opposition.

A bewildered citizen of Birmingham, an intelligent liberal (old style), on hearing that I too was going to attempt an article, exclaimed: "With all the trouble in Washington and Chicago, crime, race war, school riots, why does everybody have to come piling down here and get so upset about Birmingham?"

"You want to know?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, "provided I don't have to accept what you say."

So I told him: A wrong which everybody calls by name and aims to do something about is not an official wrong. It can't be as sinister as a wrong which the law itself upholds. That's the most frightening condition of life, because it suppresses what would otherwise bring relief. And that's what we Southerners would fall into if the Northern voice didn't reinforce the inner voice: "This is a democracy and men are men. There are no States' rights to do wrong." That's why people are upset about Greenwood, Oxford, Birmingham, I told him; it's why they're going to keep on being upset, until — whatever the difficulties and delays — the goal is acknowledged by the law. He did not fall down like Saul, struck by the great light, yet sooner or later words bear on action. For the individual act occurs in the dynamic of the larger weaving, which comprises the actual and the ideal. Two things are required: intelligence and courage; the one to understand the forces, the other to play one's role.



"Pa, what did those patriots mean — 'taxation without representation is tyranny' "?

Some years ago Faulkner gave an interview on the race problem which vexed both factions: "The Negro is calmer, wiser, more stable than the white man"; but "if it came to fighting I'd fight for Mississippi." As always, he spoke like a courageous and cranky man. He even saw the general issue: that the Negro is morally and ideally right, but that the actual world is not moral and ideal; facts, passions, prejudices have to be dealt with; in politics one can sometimes risk too much by pushing too hard. The history of revolutions confirms this; but at any moment the whole problem remains: How much pushing is too much? How much violence is more than should be paid? How much relaxing can be allowed without backsliding?

In telling the liberals to let up a while, Faulkner made two miscalculations: that there could be a new Civil War, and that if it came to fighting, his Negroes would be behind him with their guns. As for the Negroes, they might be behind him, indeed, but in another sense than he intended; as for war, the South has no forces. The true items to be coded for the computation are more like these: go too fast and risk local red-neck violence with martial law; go too slow and risk massive Negro resistance with violence and martial law. The road between is narrow: to have leadership of press, churches, teachers, citizens, even politicians, helping to move ahead.

Here in Birmingham at the Miles College Art Festival, a luncheon was given to which forty white citizens were invited. Three came. One man who did not come told me later he was glad he had had to be out of town; he feared reprisals for white defection to the Negro cause. I told him one might rather fear the consequences of deserting the enlightened Negroes, but that in any case, to base one's life on consideration of fear was impossible.

I thought of my father, who fought a Negro sharecropper case into the Supreme Court in 1938

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(how furious he was when *Time* wrote it up in an undignified way: "Old Judge Bell, independent as a hog on ice"); I pictured how he would explode at this counsel of fear—how he would raise his chin and quote Satan: "To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering . . ." It is this kind of gumption the South needs.

A drop of a few degrees in the average temperature would produce an ice age. Society, in the same way, can be transformed by the slightest shift in the moral complexion. There are people in Birmingham, and even reporters in the hotel, who think their phones have been tapped. As with the cult of informers in late Rome, the thought is staggering. It implies a general suborning of telephone operators, technicians, managers. Consider some Quaker ladies of Germantown and what they would say if asked to plug a wire tap into a private phone and to keep quiet about it.

Where press, ministers, leaders fail to lead, this moral drift downward acts almost like a law of gravity. Observe how the individual few have been able to hold islands of relative fruitfulness: Ralph McGill in Atlanta, Hodding Carter in Greenville; even in Little Rock the influence of Harry Ashmore was crucial. The formula for progress in the South is no doubt more involved than the structure of a gene; these elements, at any rate, would have to be included: spearheading idealists, Negro and white, ready to risk anything; a containment for them to work in: a newspaper needling and reminding, political leadership at least aware that change beats suicide, a business community instructed that good times lie in the direction of Atlanta, not Birmingham.

"Art and Action" was the title I chose for my chapel talk at Miles College. At an art festival, I didn't want to dwell on Dr. King and others in the city jail. But the best literature affects morality, and I wanted to explore how.

I invoked two fables: Socrates in prison, debating with logic and reason whether he should escape or stay and die; St. Peter, when he fled from Rome and met Christ at the gate coming in, bearing his cross: *"Domine, quo vadis?"* he said, and received the reply: "I am going into Rome to be crucified again." Without a word, Peter turned back and went to his martyrdom.

Art, like religion, uses the second method of persuasion: not reason, but compelling example. "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Even Plato turned Socrates' death into a drama, the type of tolerant, wise, almost humorous sacrifice for principle.

Next I brought in Don Quixote, the comic martyr, whose nobility and idealism redeem all the absurd bunglings for which we laugh at him. For moral action, above all, is Quixotic; one runs at the windmill in a visionary world, ignorant of consequences, "beyond good and evil," knowing only with Martin Luther (appropriate name for Dr. King) that whatever strife may follow the act, however the conservative, wise Erasmus may caution no, one still has to act, saying: "So help me God, I can do no other."

That is an exposed position of the human soul. Hitler also marched into the Rhineland saying: "Now like a somnambulist I go the way God has chosen." In that no man's land, toeing the mark of action, it is hard to distinguish the voice of God from the voice of the devil, most of all because each is in some way mixed up with the other. This breaking of eggs to make future omelettes is as dangerous as necessary.

I am not sure how to avoid the dangers, but for the purposes of my talk I said that thought, knowledge, good models, art, reading help form a context in which the choice of love, wisdom, even courageous humor occurs. And this makes all the difference between a possible future and an impossible one.

I think I could have given the same talk to a white group and have gotten the same applause. That is our hope—that we are all men, stirred by what the greatly human implies.

These feelings came to a climax a night or so later at a concert of the Pops orchestra in a run-down theatre belonging to the Shriners—a weird place. No one can tell what moments may be symbolic moments. My Birmingham friends might say that the building is run down for special reasons having nothing to do with the plight of the city, that the Municipal Hall is too large for the occasion (and so it is, though it is not used now because of a court ruling that it must be integrated); they may believe that the drive to build a town concert hall has not been prejudiced by the same fears. And they may be right in each particular; I still fasten on the symbolic experience.

A hall like something peculiarly of the unreal, decayed South: an early-century theatre interior, combining the Greek and Egyptian temple, with a bit of rococo thrown in; crystal chandeliers, dusty and cracked; dim bulbs burning here and there, desultory among the beads; a covered ceiling dropping gilt and plaster (the gallery where Negroes used to sit has been condemned), faded silk panels, tattered brocade; a wreck demanding the purification of fire.

For music, the kind of pops triviality — fiddle-faddle and cancan bumpty-bump usual on these occasions; escape from every reality, even of music. So an intermission. The customary white folks in the expected dress strolling those decayed lounges. Return, darkness, silence. Then the head of the orchestra board accepting a check, making a speech, thanking various people, among them the director, who had "selected the tunes to be played." One with the theatre, the old Birmingham, the closed parks, a cultural negative.

I was half asleep. And now something extraordinary brought me to attention, galvanized in my seat. The glee club of Indian Springs School, one of the best prep schools in the South, walks onto the stage: youth, that best product of the true America, boys caught up in liberal discussion, reading, poetry, music (whatever stuffs and bores in the end they may turn into, at this moment a glow is on them, something Westward, a promise); they walk onto the stage, sing choral numbers, concluding with a version of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* for voices and orchestra.

How the European watered-down salon trash fell away, superceded by a voice of another kind, of passion, suffering and hope: "I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps." The appearance of that most stirring of hymns at this moment and in this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

setting, so powerfully sung, and followed by such a burst of applause (this in the same city where a few days before at the movie of *To Kill a Mockingbird* the conviction of a Negro, whose guilt was hardly clear, also brought forth handclaps) seemed something more than accident.

Go to the choir director, the headmaster, vigorous enlightened men; ask them what they had in mind.

Suppose they say: "Nothing; it's a great hymn; we like it; we weren't thinking of politics." The meaning is still there, in the music, in the fact itself, the elation produced by tune and words, that rallying of the soul to a high cause.

That instinctive surge is the ally working for democracy in Birmingham and elsewhere, among rednecked mobs or where police order seems to override rights of protest, assembly, prayer. It can bring cheers from black and white, rich or poor. It is the will of our common humanity working toward a common goal.

Ambush at Omaha Pass . . . . . Kenneth Woodward

Omaha, Neb.

As late as 1890, Eastern visitors to Nebraska still brought armed retinues along to protect them from Indians. Early this year, a quintet of dudes from Washington, D.C., showed up in Omaha, boldly unattended, to conduct hearings into local live television and were received about as warmly as Custer at Little Big Horn. In fact, at one point during the seven-day proceedings, the visitors—a Federal Communications Commissioner and four legal assistants—received a phone call warning them to expect "serious personal harm" unless they stated clearly and publicly why they were investigating the three local stations.

The threat was not the most absurd incident connected with the hearing, but it was perhaps the most significant illustration of the effectiveness with which the local broadcasters and other interested parties, capitalizing on a rurally run state's traditional fear of the federal government, were able to obscure the purpose of the hearings. Seldom has an entire city been so misled.

The FCC has never had an easy time of it—in Washington or on the road. Cowed from infancy by the highly concentrated power of the broadcasting industry, it has only lately, under Chairman Newton Minow, demonstrated a willingness to seek an effective balance between freedom under the First Amendment and the requirements of public responsibility. Last March the commission went into Chicago to investigate complaints that stations there were not meeting their responsibilities to the public through local, live programing. It was its first close-up look at local broadcasting.

One result of the Chicago inquiry was the recognition that "local live" is a slippery category; another, that statistics alone do not reveal the effectiveness of local programing. Since license-renewal applications are judged by statistics—and at a distance—the commission decided further hearings were necessary to acquaint members with the problems involved. Specifically, it wanted to examine efforts by local stations to gauge public needs in the area of local, live programing and to determine how effectively the needs were met.

Omaha was chosen, as presiding Commissioner E. William Henry pointed out, because it differs in economic, social and other characteristics from Chicago; because its three VHF stations are each associated with a national network; and because each has the financial capability to meet the needs and interests of its service area. No complaints had been raised against the stations and no sanctions world be leveled against them. In short, the hearings were set up primarily with a view to making FCC policies more realistic and quite possibly more relaxed.

The Omaha inquiry demonstrated quite clearly Minow's belief that local stations must lead as well as reflect public taste; that they, not the advertisers nor the fickle viewers, are guardians of the wasteland. However, the National Association of Broadcasters, as well as a number of politically interested Congressional conservatives, quickly dubbed the fact-finding junket as the first step toward ultimate federal control. The trick, though, was to convince the people of Omaha of this, and thereby discredit the hearing itself. And in this the broadcasters found an uncommonly compliant ally in the city's only (and the state's largest) daily newspaper.

As owner (through its parent company) of one of the television outlets, the paper, of course, had its own corporate interests to protect. Beyond that, it also relished the opportunity to discredit the Kennedy Administration. Unlike the monopoly newspapers that blanket adjacent Iowa and Missouri, Omaha's *World-Herald* long ago barred from its columns any opinions that conflicted with its own conservative line.

Accordingly, the *World-Herald* never did provide its readers with any objective explanation of the FCC's presence in the city. At no time was the broadcasters' affirmative responsibility (as spelled out in both the FCC *Blue Book* and the National Association of Broadcasters Television Code) to anticipate the public interest and actively advance culture and education within the community clearly outlined. Instead, Omahans were led to believe that the federal hordes were swooping down to tell them what they had to watch on television. (It was the cordon of Washington lawyers brought in to counsel the stations, not the four-man FCC delegation, who swelled the hotel registers.) Thus the image of an impending "inquisition," Kafkaesque in proportions, was firmly planted in the public imagination.

The main lines of the broadcasters' attack were laid down by LeRoy Collins, N.A.B. president, at the annual meeting of the Nebraska Chapter just four days before the hearings opened. Adopting a meta-

Kenneth Woodward, Nebraska newspaper editor, has contributed to many national publications.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phor suitable to both rural and business elements, the former Democratic Governor of Florida assailed the inquiry as "government poaching on lands properly devoted to free enterprise. The local television stations do not require a government-sponsored hearing to tell them what the people of Omaha want or need." The choice of Omaha was "arbitrary," he said, but quickly emphasized his real concern: "the effect on freedom of communication" which, he said, was threatened by the FCC's "efforts to govern by harassment, by needling and by nibbling directed indiscriminately against all broadcasters."

Nebraska politicians promptly turned the speech to political advantage. Republican State Senator Roman Hruska dubbed it "a stirring defense of the Old Frontier" against the commission's "New Frontier-type tactics." His partner in the upper House, Carl Curtis, called the hearings "another attempt by the Kennedy Administration to foment thought control."

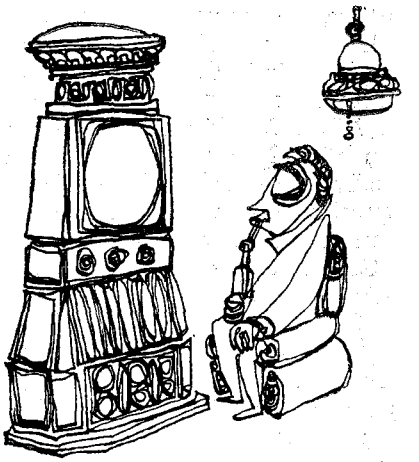
The legislature suspended rules long enough to pass unanimously a special resolution condemning the "unwarranted intrusion by the federal government into the freedom of broadcasting and the affairs of citizens of this sovereign state." Finally, Nebraska's Democratic Governor, Frank Morrison, stuck a wet finger to the wind and decided to amend the moderate stand he had taken earlier in a letter to the commission. He demanded, and got, an opportunity to appear before the commission.

Sheer bulk made the inquiry a sluggish affair. In four days the commission heard 120 witnesses representing the public; the last three days were reserved for station officials. In general, public witnesses praised the stations for supporting drives, getting out the vote and airing religious programs. Some had nothing at all to contribute; Donald Ross, Republican National Committeeman, simply belabored the FCC for coming to Omaha. It soon became evident that most witnesses simply had no way of evaluating the services the stations were rendering. Furthermore, as representatives of various agencies and institutions that depend on the good will of the broadcasters, they were understandably reluctant to criticize. Omaha's two universities, for example, are looking to the stations for help in securing $49 million between them for development. Only through persistent cross-examination did the commission learn that most of the programs devoted to local colleges and universities had been packaged by the schools themselves and that two of them, at least, thought more publicity and better time-slots could be provided.

But in between statistics, dollar evaluations of "free time" given to community causes and other quantitative analyses, one could catch the recurrence of more consequential motifs. The Executive Secretary for the Omaha area Council of Churches, for example, urged experimentation "with new types of programs which would use creative controversy and dialogue, new art forms and new types of religious expression." The need for creativity and solid idea-content was reiterated by Omaha School Superintendent Paul Miller, who pointed out that "much too much children's programing is pure entertainment —pure nothingness." In a similar vein, a music teacher and an official of Local 70 of the American Federation of Musicians scored the lack of opportunity for Omaha talent. The teacher said that local programing policies "have done much to abort the creative efforts" of local musicians.

Testimony by station officials was less impressionistic. Essentially, they had to account for statistics they compiled based on a month's log (October, 1962). The log showed the following percentage of total air time devoted to local live programing: WOW, 11.6 per cent; KMTV, 14.7 per cent; KETV (owned by the newspaper's parent company), 7.3 per cent. Excluding the ample time (and money and staff) alotted for news, weather, sports and agriculture programs by all three stations, average time-slots for all live programing between 6 P.M. and midnight were, respectively, four minutes, eight minutes and thirteen minutes.

Station officials in general argued that the FCC's definition of local, live programing is too rigid and unrealistic. (Current stipulations require program content to be more than 50 per cent local live, or 100 per cent locally filmed, to qualify in that category.) WOW's Frank



Fogarty argued effectively that a fifteen-minute nationally broadcast religious film, followed by fifteen minutes of discussion by local clergymen, ought to be considered a full half-hour of local, live broadcasting. As stated, the argument for broader use of film has merit, but it weakens considerably when applied to other areas. In the category of children's "educational" programing, for example, the sum of local efforts during the peak hours (4 to 6 P.M.) for that audience consisted of three filmed programs—two cartoons and one *Tarzan* adventure—of which two used enough introductory live talent to merit "local live" classification.

On another tack, station officials argued that local, live programing ought to be determined by quality rather than quantity — which, of course, was why the inquiry was held. One argued that a program saluting a local businessman was actually an editorial in disguise; another that a broadcast announcing the opening of a new automobile showroom was an education program. One station manager unabashedly suggested that the station's newscast be considered programing for children. Significantly, the log showed no programing for minority groups, although Omaha has a serious problem with housing and employment for Negro and Indian citizens.

Officials also testified that sponsorship is not the major factor in local, live programing. Yet local documentaries are rarely seen. Unfortunately the commission never once addressed itself to the question of how the public interest might better be served through local television editorials—through competition for ideas as well as for "news." The stations' testimony on this point

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is revealing. Two stations provide no editorials and the third, WOW, only recently initiated a twice-daily, five-minute commentary on relatively safe subjects. A KMTV official assured the commission that his station had differed with the newspaper in the past, but could not recall one instance in the last seven years. KETV officials said nothing at all.

Just how all this impressed the commissioner was impossible to tell. Though the stations had shown little appetite for local, live programing, Commissioner Henry prudently abstained from any comment that might be construed as intimidation. Congress as well as the industry was listening.

Not to be denied, the trade publications pounced on Henry's statement that FCC "standards" (later amended to "policies") may not coincide with those of the public. The statement earned added significance amid rumors that he would replace Minow as commission chairman. They also reported heavily on the hostility to the inquiry, predicting it would be the last. Clearly, the ambush at Omaha Pass had been worth it.

But what had it been worth to Omaha? In a series of post-mortems, the daily paper by turns scoffed at the hearings and hinted darkly that the commission, under Kennedy, would impose censorship "by a firm hand in a velvet glove." Yet the recent appearance of new "local live" programs, together with the resignation of one station manager, suggests the stations were less pleased with their performance than they professed publicly. Quite possibly the concept of public responsibility may yet take hold in Nebraska.

But Omaha broadcasters — like those in so many one-newspaper communities—will never fully meet public needs until they recognize their unique responsibilities vis-à-vis a monopoly press. This responsibility is at the same time their greatest opportunity. In Omaha, for example, the paper's inability to place public above private interest has divided the city between those who trust it explicitly and those who can't trust it at all. And when the interests of both media coincide, as they did during the hearings, the public is completely ignored.

Omaha's TV newsmen have a fine reputation for objective reporting. But it is a lightweight lever against the impacted printed word. Only a willingness to interpret the news, together with bolder experimentation in other video-art forms, will reopen the avenues of genuine communication and stimulate the kind of creative controversy that has so long been suppressed under the newspaper's virtual monopoly of opinion. At stake is the city's ability to encourage and retain its talented, intelligent youth who cannot reconcile what they have learned with what they are told to believe. Increasingly, they, and their professors, are leaving the state.

Even the Indians are quitting the reservation.

Syria: Test of Arab Unity

Gary LeCompte and Leo Hamalian

Damascus

The ten-day feast to celebrate Syria's revolution of last March opened on an ominous note when one of the worst cloudbursts in recent memory descended upon this city, temporarily the cynosure of the Arab world. Preparations ground to a soggy halt as pedestrians, with trousers rolled knee-high, waded through streets transformed into chocolate-colored cascades, shop owners mopped up their deluged stores, and flags dripped disconsolately on corners.

On the following day, however, Damascenes were again erecting their displays, lighting the exteriors of public buildings with strings of bulbs and covering the city with a blanket of banners and bunting. By the next day, the damage had been repaired, the flags were flapping in the sunshine, and Damascenes, after thanking Allah for the blessing of rain, once more resumed their voluble discussions of the Cairo unity talks.

The unity charter issued at the end of these talks incorporates some Ba'athist principles and furnishes the trappings, at least, for an Iraq-Syria-Egypt merger. But the means of implementation are left vague, and the Ba'athists expect conflict with Nasser on such questions as party structure and regional autonomy in the drawing up of the necessary constitution. Further, the Ba'athists fear that Egyptian socialism will work in neither Syria nor Iraq. The charter provides twenty months for writing a constitution; an Iraqi-Syrian coalition will battle to keep Nasser from running the show.

"Arab Unity" is the ambition of nearly all of the political factions in Syria (this is like being for motherhood and against sin), but the immediate practical problem was how to unite these fractious factions and give this country stable government, while at the same time establishing bonds with other Arab states which also seek unity. In a country caught in the cross-currents of divergent minorities, these two objectives may, in the long run, be hard to harmonize, especially for the Ba'ath ("Rebirth" or "Resurrection") Party, the powerful minority now controlling the regime.

For the Ba'athists, Arab unity means more than merely addressing other Arab states as "sisters." As the party slogan ("Unity, Socialism and Freedom") suggests, the cause of Arab unity precedes the other two aims set down by Michel 'Aflaq, their spiritual leader. On the other hand, they are convinced that, while working for Pan-Arabic unity, they must devote themselves at the same time to achieving political independence and a stable, indigenous form of socialistic government in their own land; that is, their slogan operates on all three cylinders or not at all.

The implications of a successful

Leo Hamalian, co-author of the recently published The Existential Imagination, *teaches English at the University of Damascus; Gary LeCompte has been a consultant for the Middle East Institute.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effort at union among the Arab states are too profound to examine in detail here, but the weight of 80,000,000 people, unifying and modernizing themselves, might easily change the shape of international politics and economics (i.e., the threat to Israel, the attitudes of an Arab common market). It is quite natural, at this point, for the cynical Westerner to ask what the chances are of success.

The cynic might point out that the historical experiences of the Arab peoples have varied widely ever since Turkish rule was established five hundred years ago. In fact, he might argue that any semblance of unity among them was finished even before Mohammed's coffin reached the grave in 632 and his lieutenants began to quibble over who would succeed him. From these quarrels there developed the present-day Islamic sects, as numerous and irreconcilable as the sectarian splinters of Christianity. For some Syrians, the shadow of a despotic ruler still looms dangerously over any projected alliance; and no doubt the Iraqi Ba'athists, with their predominantly British education, their rougher methods and their richer natural resources, may be cautious in forging associations with the Syrian Ba'athists, with their predominantly French education, their suave manners and their largely agricultural economy.

Second, the Ba'athists call for a "democratic" rule by political party rather than by authoritarian hand, with the aim of expanding the freedoms familiar in the West. Yet, despite their determination to build a popular party, the Ba'ath is an elite minority which took control of the government by *coup d'état* rather than by any clear-cut mandate from the people. Though the Ba'ath Party seems to have considerable support from both the military and professional classes, no one knows when it will dare to approach the electorate of Syria, which still has strong, if presently silent, "separationist" elements among the merchant class, as well as a "radical" element that prefers the absolute power of Nasser to "collective leadership" (drawn chiefly from the educated Palestinians who, though not full-fledged citizens, wield influence in Syria).

This second development depends upon the ability of the Ba'athists to do what no group has been able to do since the evacuation of Syria by the French on April 17 of 1946 (a national holiday which culminated the ten-day feast): to overcome within Syria itself the factionalism that arises out of a complex of causes, mostly historical, political and personal. For example, the citizens of Homs have waged a thousand-year propaganda battle against the people of Hama. A Syrian of Aleppo, the manufacturing center of the country, is likely to be suspicious of his countrymen from Damascus, long the commercial center. Christian Arabs, a minority in a predominantly Moslem country, still recall, whenever religious issues flare into fisticuffs

S. F. Chronicle

"Follow me!"

(as during the March 8 revolution) with apprehension the massacres of the last century. Moslems in turn sometimes resent what they regard as an unwarranted superiority complex of the Christians. The important Armenian minority (almost 70,000 in Aleppo), descendants of the refugees of the Turkish massacres, remain largely unassimilated ethnically and politically (perhaps the only way these proud people can retain their identity as Armenians).

In a country which has had far more coups than elections, it will not be easy to find a base on which to build a stable government. In fact, many foreign observers feel that the *coup d'état* has become part of the national sport of politics. No one, they conclude, is terribly distressed by a coup: the ousted minister is taken off to prison, but allowed to furnish his cell, receive his political associates and maintain active political life from a hill overlooking Damascus. The current regime plotted the March 8 coup from prison, and the Minister of Communications, Jihad Dahi, was nearly forgotten until he cabled his support for the new regime from his prison cell. No violent treatment is tolerated and only "civil isolation" is partially enforced. It is considered politically ethical to treat opponents very humanely, a practice in sharp contrast to the bloody habits of the Iraqis, but one hardly calculated to preserve the peace. The Ba'athists will have to find a way to render the opponents of their regime ineffective for a prolonged period without touching off the violence so characteristic of revolutions. As of this writing, they have succeeded. At the same time, they must learn to avoid the temptation of crushing the voices of criticism and opponents who might be rallied in the interest of national welfare.

Politics in Syria form an integral and disturbing element in the daily life. Young Syrians who are experiencing the impact of Western mores on their own conservative social structure find that social freedom, especially as related to the opposite sex, is very limited, except in the most Westernized household (often anathema to orthodox Moslems). In place of what would be a busy social life in the United States for a young man, there is intense interest in political affairs. High-school students are already professional political discussants, and by the time they reach the university, they become associated with one of the many political factions established within the student body. Syrian students earnestly believe that they must play an important role in determining political policy, and to a certain extent they do. Whenever the students threaten to demonstrate, the university is hastily shut down by the authorities. For an American accustomed to the blasé indifference to politics on university campuses at home, this can be an exciting and exhilarating spirit, but it is also deadly to any serious attempt to establish stability in the government. The simple truth is that most students, though they behave otherwise, know less about politics than their elder statesmen, and that very often (this seems to be true of the Communists) they will react to governmental action in the hope of hindering authority. Of course, students everywhere are rebellious, but this spirit of re-

(*Continued on page 384*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flirting With History

A FAVOURITE OF THE GODS. By Sybille Bedford. Simon & Schuster. 287 pp. $4.50.

Webster Schott

Dense in structure and rich in overtones, *A Favourite of the Gods* immediately brings to mind Mrs. Bedford's earlier novel, *A Legacy*. The style, form and contours of plot are similar. Again a first-person narrator, a granddaughter, reports on the lives of her family's two previous generations. Both books deal with the upper classes of Europe—*A Legacy*, with German aristocrats and Jewish magnates at the time of Bismarck and Wilhelm II; *A Favourite of the Gods*, with titled and independently wealthy Italians and British at the time of Victor Emmanuel III and Lloyd George. Both novels employ a dramatic incident—the forcing of a deranged son into the German Army in *A Legacy*, and a brother's theft of his sister's ruby in *A Favourite of the Gods*—to pry open a sheaf of plots and to symbolize the decline of a social system of privilege and power based on titles, annuities and eroding values. Mrs. Bedford has an indefatigable interest in the habits and accouterments of wealth and position, and like *A Legacy*, her new novel abounds with side tours into the regions of fashion, painting, gastronomy, servantry and travel.

There are other similarities: women of passion back into unfortunate marriages; idle counts and princes waste the lives of their wives; men of action destroy or are destroyed; each novel has its abandoned child, intra-family sacrificial offerings and poor investments of feminine affections.

I dwell on the surface kinship for several reasons. While the similarities tend to suggest a thin vein running through Mrs. Bedford's mine of situations, they also show her consistent interest in manners and general worry over the European upper classes as the nineteenth century collided with the twentieth. By pairing Mrs. Bedford's two novels one can also see, I believe, why *A Favourite of the Gods* fails large social meaning and stands finally in an embarrassment of riches, another novel of manners.

A Legacy rose out of the social upheaval of its period. The unification of Germany under Prussian militarism set into motion the catastrophes that befell the von Bernins, dreamers of ecclesiastical hegemony in Europe, and destroyed the social position of the von Feldens, who had looked to Paris for enlightenment. The shooting of the insane Captain Johannes von Felden and the yellow journalism that precipitated the so-called "Felden Scandal" and held the system of privilege up to public ridicule, the anti-Semitic riots before the Merz mansion, the loss of the Merz fortune, the subsequent Felden suicide and Bernin fall from power were integral events in the German political reorganization at the center of the novel. The inability to respond and adapt, first to change and later to crisis, brought severe personal loss, suffering and human waste of a magnitude near tragedy to the lives of *A Legacy*. Fusing the public with the private, developing her characters and their experience within the contemporary socio-political setting, Mrs. Bedford created the absolute conviction that one had witnessed significant human trials, the outcome of which make a moral difference to the observer.

Regardless of its flirtations with history, *A Favourite of the Gods* operates independently of political and social shifts within its time. The American heiress Anna who marries and leaves her adulterous Italian prince; Anna's wastrel son; her sensual daughter and the daughter's English barrister husband suffer no crucial experiences as a result of World War I, the rise of socialism in England, the Fascist succession in Italy. The daughter loses a few lovers in the war but others queue up. The son tries on a Fascist uniform and takes it off when mother complains. The barrister goes to parliament and dies of influenza. Anna carries anti-Fascist notes in and out of Italy, but apparently no one reads them. None of their actions related to public events brings serious consequences to their lives. They are on the edge of, but not in, the larger world. The fact is that Mrs. Bedford's conception of Anna and the daughter Constanza as persons favored by the gods and protected by intelligence, physical beauty and wealth from the divisive forces at loose in the world works against her summoning the sense of social disintegration and individual loss that holds us to *A Legacy*.

A Favourite of the Gods is restrictive rather than extensive. It turns back from the breadth of idea and reverberating implications of *A Legacy* to traditional characters (Henry James), conventional plots (Ivy Compton-Burnett) and the usual theme (sex). It reveals no vital relationship, literal or symbolic, between individuals of an elite and a changing social order.

Surely, Mrs. Bedford has attempted the difficult: to convince us that life does go along rather nicely, allowing for a bit of adultery and a few family squabbles, at a time of political turmoil and cracking idealism. One is convinced about the lives, but not that they are connected in any meaningful way with the stresses and crises of their times. These charmed people have little significance for us beyond attesting to the wisdom of catering to wealthy aunts and uncles who are getting along in years.

Mrs. Bedford has written three other books aside from her two novels: *The Sudden View*, travel impressions of Mexico; *The Faces of Justice*, reports of court proceedings in England and on the Continent; *The Trial of Dr. Adams* (the English physician who several years ago was charged with murdering his spinster patients). Mrs. Bedford's gifts of narration, characterization and dramatization excelled in these elegantly patterned documentaries. They are qualities ideally suited to the novel of manners. One finds the same all-seeing eye wandering over textures and appraising gestures, the same perfect-pitch ear listening for intonation in speech and nuance in conversation. She gives us the scenes, the places, the people. She informs us about ways of living as the popular realistic English novel of the nineteenth century did, with acute class definition.

Both *A Legacy* and *A Favourite of the Gods* function as novels of manners. But by design or accident *A Legacy* exceeded the form, becoming one of those rare, unclassifiable nov-

Webster Schott is literary editor of Focus/Midwest *and reviews for the Kansas City* Star, *the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch, *the Chicago* Sun-Times *and* The Christian Science Monitor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

els that weld the social, historical and psychological into high art. I realize that, confronted with a novelist of Mrs. Bedford's gifts of language and insight, I seem to be demanding the extraordinary instead of the excellent. But what else should we ask of the artist who wrote *A Legacy*?

The flaws of *A Favourite of the Gods* are not Mrs. Bedford's alone. They hound all novels of manners and plague the contemporary English novel particularly. Writing within the realistic tradition—the only tradition possible for him, it seems—the modern novelist of manners must integrate the forces of history into the lives of his characters, infusing his literal work with the symbolic and naturalistic as well, to create the impression that his fiction does deal with a real world that has larger significance than the individual lives it describes. Because an ordered world appears to the contemporary observer more improbable, more difficult to imagine with every new day, the realistic novelist strives for the almost impossible. There are other alternatives with which to view the larger world—distortionalism, antirealism, existentialist comedy—but they deny the realistic novel its apparent objectivity. Finally, the realistic novelist can only pray for the flash of genius of *A Legacy*.

Violence in the Abstract

ON REVOLUTION. By Hannah Arendt. The Viking Press. 343 pp. $6.50.

D. J. Goodspeed

That war is a hazardous and unprofitable adventure is scarcely a new *thesis. After 1918 this not very recon*dite conclusion was assented to, albeit regretfully, by most professional soldiers and almost all statesmen. Their near unanimity, it is true, did not prevent the Second World War, but since 1945 it is more than ever obvious that those who put their faith in war as a political instrument run the risk of finding themselves masters of an obsolete trade.

Hannah Arendt begins *On Revolution*, by recapitulating this and by pointing out that professional soldiers have in fact become practical pacifists, devoted not to winning wars by fighting but to preserving peace by making war impossible. Furthermore, the physiognomy of the twentieth century has so far been determined by wars and revolutions; thus, if wars are eliminated, only revolutions will be left. Therefore, Miss Arendt concludes: "In the contest that divides the world today and in which so much is at stake, those will probably win who understand revolution. . . ."

The logic here is perhaps not quite faultless, but Miss Arendt's theme has an inherent fascination and the reader is prepared to follow her eagerly as she reveals her revolutionary mysteries. However, disappointment awaits any who are listening to catch the sound of tumbrils in the streets, freedom in arms or the shouting of assemblies. Miss Arendt's book is concerned with revolution in the abstract, the ideal *revolution, the revolutionary form* as it appears to the eyes of God; no single drop of blood stains these philosophical pages.

Unhappily, much of the argument is weakened as philosophy because Miss Arendt draws almost exclusively on the French and American Revolutions as a basis for her generalizations. Moreover, on the few occasions when she sets her discussion of revolution in a wider context, she is apt to make mistakes in history. She comments, for instance, that "the most important terroristic attacks in Russia prior to war and revolution seem all to have been police jobs" — a statement which would certainly have outraged Mihailov, Zelyabov and the members of the *Narodnaya Volya*. And she suggests that all the European peoples who were granted new constitutions after 1918 distrusted them, a judgment that is quite false insofar as Czechoslovakia and the Baltic states are concerned.

Although Miss Arendt nowhere precisely defines revolution or subsumes its causes and effects, she does point out that neither violence nor change by themselves are sufficient hallmarks: ". . . violence is no more adequate to describe the phenomenon of revolution than change; only where change occurs in the sense of a new beginning, where violence is used to constitute an altogether different form of government, to bring about the formation of a new body politic, where the liberation from oppression aims at least at the constitution of freedom can we speak of revolution."

For Miss Arendt freedom is the aim of all revolutions and the only cause which can possibly justify the violent overthrow of states. She does not attempt to prove these assertions, but she does distinguish sharply between "freedom" and "liberation," saying that liberation may be the condition of freedom but does not lead automatically to it. Her concept of freedom includes the right to "public happiness" as well as to "private happiness" and to "public freedom" as well as to "private freedom." Full freedom, therefore, is achieved only by citizens who take an active part in government, finding in that sphere their "public happiness" and "public freedom." Moreover, no revolution is truly complete until public happiness and public freedom can be attained by all the citizens.

Whatever may be said for "public freedom," "public happiness" appears to be a rather specialized value. No doubt a certain type of man does experience a unique happiness in the conduct of public affairs, but to make — or even perpetuate — a revolution in order to secure this joy would seem to show a disproportionate concern for an atypical minority.

The ward system advocated by Jefferson, the revolutionary societies and municipal councils which spread through France after 1789, and the soviets which sprang up during the February Revolution of 1917 are to Miss Arendt the true end of all rev-

Major D. J. Goodspeed is attached to the Historial Section, Canadian Army Headquarters. He is the author of The Conspirators: A Study of the Coup d'Etat *(Viking).*

South Wind

I dreamed of horses in the night,
invaders with strong, sweating
bodies plunging through the cold.

The stars were suddenly hidden,
but dark manes flowed
with sparks, and on the black,
frozen hills the rushing air
soared like a forest on fire.

The thunder of their passage
broke down the walls of my dream.
I awoke in the ruined kingdom
of frost with a warm wind
blowing my hair, and heard about me
and in the distance
the heavy hoofs still pounding
as the wild, invisible army
overran the north.

John Haines

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

olutions. The professional revolutionaries, however, whose art consists not in creating revolutions but in coming to power after they have broken out, generally find themselves in opposition to the soviets and councils, for these revolutionary institutions always challenge the party system.

Miss Arendt also challenges the party system. In her final chapter, by far the best and most thought-provoking in the book, she criticizes the party system for having achieved only "a certain control of the rulers by those who are ruled" and argues that it has by no means enabled the citizen to become a "participator" in public affairs. However, she is vague as to the scope and functions of the councils that would replace the party system in a completed revolution, being on the whole content to say with Jefferson: "Begin them only for a single purpose; they will soon show for what others they are the best instruments."

It may indeed be so, but Miss Arendt by no means presents a convincing case. In fact her argument throughout is marked by a lack of clarity only partly attributable to her subject. It is unfair, of course, to ask for simplicity in profound matters, and the philosopher can always claim that as he dives deeper the light gets less and less, until, presumably, in the great depths at the bottom of the sea it is perpetual night.

However, not all obscurity is the result of profundity; a good deal of it is due merely to bad sentence structure. All too often in Miss Arendt's book, the sluggish flow between subject and verb is diverted and the reader is left to trace as best he can a thin trickle of assertion through a flooded swampland of redundancies, appositional phrases, pronouns of indefinite antecedent and unnecessary relative clauses. The title of this book, of course, automatically invites a comparison with Clausewitz's *On War*, and it is unfortunate that this should be so, for even in matters of style, where Clausewitz was not perhaps at his best, he has the advantage.

Are Cigarettes Necessary?

COMMON SENSE ABOUT SMOKING. By C. M. Fletcher, Harvey Cole, Lena Jeger, Christopher Wood. Penguin Books. 128 pp. 65c paper.

George A. Silver

While American physicians and public-health people try desperately to disengage themselves from the sticky and embarrassing necessity of doing something about cigarette smoking, the British profession is moving ahead firmly to effective action. Contrast the headline, "Tobacco Study Shelved by AMA," March, 1963, with the Royal College of Physicians' report in 1962. The U.S. Public Health Service bumbles along with a "study committee" for two years (as yet no report) while the Ministry of Health in England has plastered the countryside with posters attacking smoking and inaugurated school programs to deter youngsters from starting.

Doctors themselves take the strictures more seriously than they let on to the public. Cigarette smoking is now much less prevalent among doctors than in the general public; a few years ago the ratios were even.

Now four British authors cover all aspects of the subject. Fletcher, a specialist in lung diseases, outlines clearly and unambiguously the theoretical and epidemiological basis for considering cigarette smoking a cause of lung cancer. Cole, an economist, presents the plain facts of financial interplay—not only the tobacco companies' stake, but the government's tax stake, and that of the thousands of small shopkeepers whose cigarette sales are the mainstay of their marginal existence.

The last two chapters, Jeger's on social and historical aspects, and Wood's "How to Stop" (not quite answered) cover somewhat the same ground. The net conclusion: fashions in smoking change and cigarette smoking as a fashion is less than a hundred years old; so maybe we could convert to cigars (apparently harmless) or pipes (dirty, smelly and not quite so harmless).

Of all the suggestions, preventing children from starting seems the best. There is an unfortunate vagueness about what to do about smokers (since we still don't know why people *do* smoke) and the suggestion that we emphasize the staggering economic cost may be helpful more in frugal

George A. Silver, M.D., is chief of the Division of Social Medicine at Montefiore Hospital in New York.

WILLY BRANDT

Good Fences—Uneasy Neighbors?

THE ORDEAL OF COEXISTENCE

Willy Brandt, living behind one of the most important fences in political history, sees the Berlin Wall as a major admission of Communist defeat in the only place where true competitive coexistence has ever been tried. Speaking forcefully and realistically, he urges nations of the free world to create situations of peaceful competition in which all countries may participate. $3.00

LINCOLN GORDON

New Lights on Latin American Neighbors

A NEW DEAL FOR LATIN AMERICA

The Alliance for Progress

What are the accomplishments and shortcomings of the Alliance for Progress? The Ambassador to Brazil, one of its chief architects, answers these questions in a searching appraisal of the plan's aims, philosophy, and methods. His analysis is significant for readers of both hemispheres, since the United States plays a principal role in what must be considered one of the history-making events of the 1960's. $3.25

Ask your bookseller

1913 HARVARD
1963 UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scotland than in lavish America. I am not persuaded by the argument that publicity alone will do the trick—has it stopped auto murder? A study of the impact of the "smoking causes cancer" campaign in Great Britain seems to show that most people blamed cigarettes for all kinds of things—not mentioned in the posters—while failing to mention cancer. I'm afraid publicity is not the answer.

Until we know why people want to smoke cigarettes, we are hard pressed to do anything sensible about stopping them. We may be able to reduce the hazard even now by abolishing advertising of cigarettes as the Italians have done, making the cost prohibitive by gigantic tax increases (doubtful), publicizing the evils to school children as the British are doing and removing vending machines from public places and forbidding smoking in most public places. Wood suggests "anti-smoking" clinics—like Alcoholics Anonymous clubs, and this may help. But we'll have to take it seriously, do more research into the cause of cancer: is it the paper or the tobacco? And into the reason: why smoke at all? Our tender-minded public-health people should stir themselves, too, abandon this antisocial caution and timidity and speak boldly for energetic public-health measures to control this particular cancer menace. We've struck at the dye in lipsticks, the spray in cranberries, why not cigarettes?

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

London.

Is there any significance in the fact that the most noted dramatists writing in German today are Swiss? Switzerland, hemmed in on all sides by countries frequently engaged in and always tending toward war, no longer feels itself safe within its Alps. An innocent bystander, it may prove as vulnerable as any other "peace-loving" domain. For this reason, perhaps, its two most prominent playwrights — Friedrich Dürrenmatt and Max Frisch — serve as Geiger counters to Europe. Being themselves without offensive arms, the Swiss are in a position to moralize as well as shudder. Dürrenmatt and Frisch tremble and preach, while their colleagues in the neighbor countries either squeal or despair.

Frisch is prophetic and composes parables; Dürrenmatt, suffering at his ease, grimaces and indulges in gallows humor. Dürrenmatt is theatrically the more deft and the more sophisticated. At a time without fresh dramatic impulse both are outstanding.

The Physicists, the latest Dürrenmatt play, is a continental success. Directed by Peter Brook, it alternates at the Aldwych Theatre with *King Lear* under the auspices of the enterprising Royal Shakespeare Company and is almost as much of a hit as the great tragedy.

More topical than any of Dürrenmatt's other plays (one remembers *The Visit*), *The Physicists* is singularly striking. It is essentially an entertainment, but it has an importance—one which under present theatrical and social circumstances may reasonably be exaggerated.

Technically, the play is a comedy melodrama; it amuses and excites. It provides effective roles for its actors, and Peter Brook has directed it with unfailing skill. The company at the Aldwych — particularly Cyril Cusak, Michael Hordern and Irene Worth who plays a "Teutonic" monster in the guise of a psychiatrist — demonstrates the kind of compelling professionalism in the manner of a superior detective story which is always set down as "real theartre."

Since the play is to be done on Broadway next season, I shall omit its narrative detail and suggest its graver import. It begins with the race of the major powers to obtain scientific supremacy for military purposes. Then the physicists decide to renounce forever their battle of wits which they know can only end in the annihilation of civilization. But, says Dürrenmatt, through one of his physicists, "What is taught cannot be untaught." Those who have learned how to use the new instruments of destruction will not refrain from doing so. The power-crazed will take over; we are doomed.

This is the warning, the lesson. We may shiver; we ought to groan. We should take action. But what we do is applaud a good show. Dürrenmatt is devilishly capable: his play will be a hit everywhere. It will not resolve the issue either in our minds or in our hearts. It is not that kind of play. It is less pessimistic than cynical. The highest compliment one can pay it is to surmise that Shaw might have liked it. It should be seen.

The contemporary stage, now without a group of playwrights whose career can be depended on to maintain and increase in maturity, seeks inspiration from literary sources outside the theatre. Thus, staged readings are becoming ever more frequent. The latest of these is *Stephen D*, adapted by Hugh Leonard (born in Dublin in 1926) from Joyce's autobiographical novels *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

It is a recital, illustrated by several scenes from the novels—a literate eve-

Expose!

From the inner councils of the John Birch Society comes this exclusive story, revealing secret and public plans for

BIRCH PUTSCH PLANS for 1964

Only $1.00

plus 25c handling charge

96 pp. paperback

Here is the story of one of the most dramatic plots ever disclosed — tinged with secret conferences, carefully blueprinted moves to mold public opinion, million dollar funds — the story from one of Robert Welch's former associates.

Full disclosure is made of names, dates, places and plans — as part of the master blueprint to capture the White House in 1964!

DOMINO PUBLICATIONS

Suite 900, 22 West Madison Street Chicago 2, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ning reminiscent of the famous books and thus not without interest or substance. The domestic rows over clericalism brought on by the fate of Parnell, the debate in Stephen's (Joyce's) soul as well as with his comrades over Irish nationalism and faith, hold the audience. Joyce's (or Stephen's) "I will not serve," his determination to persevere through "silence, exile and cunning," stir something in the hearer who himself is, consciously or not, gripped by the dilemma of our day. So *Stephen D*—devotedly but only moderately well produced—without being "theatre" becomes theatre. It is a symbolic expression of general preoccupations, all of them real enough.

Also worth attention is the production of Bertolt Brecht's first play, *Baal*, acted by the new English star of stage and screen, Peter O'Toole.

The play was written when Brecht was only twenty-three, and is now more dramatic curiosity than event. It reveals the confusion and anguish from which Brecht grew. In the light of the author's development from *Baal* to *Mother Courage*, *Galileo* and the others, we see an artist surmounting vertigo and stupefaction to attain clarity, a passage from romantic floundering to classic authority.

In *Baal* Brecht seems to wallow in the mental and moral muck characteristic of Germany immediately after the First World War. Through his central figure, the poet Baal, Brecht indulges in that "disordering of the senses" which Rimbaud once announced as his aim. In fact, there is a certain imitation of the tortured Rimbaud-Verlaine affair in this play.

Rimbaud ceased writing poetry when he was nineteen; Brecht's poet never publishes at all. In the satirical first, and perhaps best, scene of the play Baal is feted at a dinner party given by would-be patrons, dilettantes and *avant-garde* critics who have heard him recite some of his bizarre verses to guitar accompaniment — verses which the guests compare to Homer, the great decadents and finally agree to call "promising!" But Baal, ragged and filthy, only wolfs his food, asks for a donation of clean shirts and makes flagrant passes at his host's wife.

From this point on Baal (his appearance never less than epically repellent) moves on to a rampage of seduction and near-rape among girls and women who are unable or unwilling to resist the fascination of his priapic confidence. From poetized homosexual adventures and complete besottedness to total depravity and crime, Baal is finally seen crawling like a diseased animal to his death in the open fields.

At one point the poet, thinking back on his wretched odyssey, murmurs "Everything was beautiful." In this one line Brecht characterizes the climate of an era, a state of being which led either to the "reforms" of Hitlerism or to an unconsummated effort to find saner solutions.

Despite its star and a few respectful notices, the play is not a success. Nevertheless, I suspect that, for all its romantic distortion, it satisfies a need in that part of the younger generation which wonders whether immersion in the mud may not bring it closer to salvation than squatting in the shallows of a stagnant respectability. For many the point of crisis has not yet been reached.

Baal might not have been produced at this juncture—and certainly not in the West End—had it not been for the representative and forceful actor, Peter O'Toole, who seems attracted to those parts which represent "outcasts from life's feast" or, to put it another way, parts which bespeak the chaos that breeds anger.

ART

Hilton Kramer

It will surprise no one that the recent exhibition of Cézanne water colors, at Knoedler's, was a great event. Yet it is in the nature of great art to retain its power to astonish us long after we have learned to assume that we can more or less anticipate its full range of expressive possibilities. The seventy-three water colors in this exhibition immediately dissolved all our pieties about Cézanne's position as a classic and gave us the most extraordinary and intimate access to his sensibility as an artist who tirelessly struggles, invents, clarifies—an artist who seems, on this occasion, less a classic than a live personality exploring his subjects and his medium with a constancy and an *élan* from which we feel no separation in time.

The aesthetic intimacy one felt in this exhibition derived at once from the fact that it consisted entirely of water colors, a medium in which the uncorrected touch occupies a central expressive role, and from the particular use that Cézanne made of it. For Cézanne was an artist who combined

After mass-consumption – what?
W. W. Rostow poses the question of where our economic development is taking us — "to Communism; or to the affluent suburbs . . . to destruction; to the moon; or where?"

THE STAGES OF ECONOMIC GROWTH
A Non-Communist Manifesto **by W. W. Rostow**

This work has been called the credo of the Kennedy administration — and is widely recognized as one source of our current economic policy.

It is at once a brilliant history of the economic experience common to all societies; a sharp challenge to narrow Marxist economic determinism; a dynamic analysis of the growth problems facing the United States and Russia.

Professor Rostow, currently Chairman of the State Department's Policy Planning Council, presents a forcible alternative to Marxism in his model of five growth stages viewed as both causes and consequences of social and political actions.

The big question facing the nations already in the fifth stage: What next? *The Stages of Economic Growth* is the most precise available statement of the thinking behind American attempts to find the answer.

"This could become one of the most influential economic books of the twentieth century."—*The New York Times*

"It is the most dynamic book on economics I have read in several years. . . . From here on neither university nor popular economics can be taught or debated without taking his analysis into account." — Adolf A. Berle, *Saturday Review*

At your bookstore. Paper, $1.45; cloth, $3.75
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, *32 E. 57th St., New York 22, N.Y.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to an unusual degree an unspontaneous studiousness with an immense passion, and the style he achieved in his water colors is distinguished above all by his ability to engage the strengths of both these tendencies on more or less equal terms. His work in this medium is breathtaking in its formal exactitude, and yet the pressure of deeply felt experience is pervasive and exhilarating. One feels oneself in the presence of a strict, even humorless disciplinarian who has been able to invest every touch, every rendered sensation, and every formal equation in which these touches and sensations are firmly held, with the full weight of his passion. And still the impression throughout is of a lightness and airiness, a lyricism and delight, without the least suggestion of force or strain, that in other artists so often seems at odds with true seriousness.

But it would be misleading to suggest that a single, unvarying style prevails in this large and constantly surprising survey. All of Cézanne's basic motifs were represented — still life, landscape, close-up views of foliage and rocks, portraits, figures in landscape, architectural subjects, and so on. Technically, the range was from tinted drawings to constructions of pure color-touches, with the majority employing both drawing and color as more or less equal components. Conceptually, the range was staggering and immense—and it is really here, in the number and quality of the pictorial ideas that Cézanne could wrest from his repeated encounter with the same familiar subjects, that one feels this exhibition to have been at once so dizzying and exalted. This conceptual variety does not follow from any notable liberties he allows himself with the literal character of the motifs themselves, but rather, from his capacity to confer on each re-examination of a subject an utterly new and fresh image by which to communicate his precise vision of it.

As a result of this immense conceptual range, one turned away from this exhibition feeling as if one had seen not only a peculiarly magnificent sampling of Cézanne's own *oeuvre* but, in addition, a vast miniature preview of the principal painterly styles that have followed in its wake. The studies of rocks and houses that evoke a kind of Mondrianesque rigor while affecting an almost two-dimensional flatness; the still lifes of skulls that call to mind the powerful, sculpturesque forms of Max Beckmann; the depiction of peaches and pears that seem to summarize so much of Matisse, Derain and others; the delicate planes of pure, flickering light that anticipate Delaunay and the Orphists; the way figures are rendered in nervous, reiterated strokes, at once evoking the contour of a mass and dissolving it into its surrounding space in a way that expressionism later made more explicit and less sensitive; and throughout, wherever two or three touches of the brush are put down on the white space of the paper to evoke a simultaneous vibration of different planes, the constant reminder of cubism's beginnings; in these and still other devices and images — more, really, than one could begin to enumerate in this space — Cézanne's water colors seem to hold in an intricate, subtle tension all the possibilities at which our artists have labored for half a century. If this exhibition seemed to sum up a world, it was not only Cézanne's, but ours as well.

Given the immensity of his achievement in the water-color medium, dare one suggest that it is greater than what one values in his oils? It is not a silly question by any means; but in the end it must, I think, be answered in the negative. In one sense Cézanne's great paintings achieve fewer possibilities than those that are dazzingly, endlessly, suggested in his water colors, but they are achieved more completely, with greater power and depth, than he had any wish or intention of realizing in his water colors. It may be for that reason that he himself valued the water colors so much less than his oils. It was, after all, the fully achieved statement, the total realization, as he repeatedly said, that he regarded as the highest goal of art, not promises or processes or the evocation of possibilities. And yet the one could surely not have been achieved without this tireless exploration of the other. Cézanne stands, even today, first among the modern innovators; and yet he was conservative about his own discoveries, selecting carefully among the treasures his own genius created for itself, and choosing to follow through — but as completely as he was capable of — only those he deemed supreme. His ultimate choices as a painter are thus all the more impressive when one sees, as one did so clearly and fully in this exhibition, exactly how many lay open to him.

JAZZ

Benjamin Boretz

I don't presume to have much critical competence with regard to jazz, but since jazz has presumed to intersect the "straight"-music domain under such eminent auspices as Gunther Schuller's Twentieth Century Innovations — whose previous programs contained such names as Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Webern, Ives, Varese and Wolpe, as well as those of their important younger colleagues — some consideration here of the implications of that event seems warranted. For one thing, whether or not Schuller meant to imply, by devoting his entire final concert to it, that jazz is the wave of the musical future, and whether or not the particular "recent developments in jazz" represented on the program actually constitute only a limited area within the field, the concert made it strikingly evident that a wide diversity of approaches and means is as characteristic of contemporary jazz as it is of formal composition. The first half of this program consisted entirely of various attempts to generate "formal" compositions out of the special properties of jazz materials, which efforts carry the idea of jazz outside the improvisatory realm altogether, into that of written music. On the other hand, the "pure" improvisations by

"A Strategy for American Security"

An itemized recommendation for a cut of $22 Billion in the Defense Department's Overkill Budget.

An alternative program to revitalize the national economy.

11 Reports. Edited by Seymour Melman

50c from LEE SERVICE (Dept. ST)
48 East 21st Street New York 10, N.Y.

Bulk rates on request.

STEFANSSON
AMBASSADOR OF THE NORTH
by D. M. LeBourdais
Paper $2.50 Cloth $4.50
HARVEST HOUSE
220 Elm Avenue Montreal 6, P.Q.

"...Brash, Bawdy, Delightful..."
JUDITH CRIST, N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

The Establishment

LONDON'S SATIRICAL REVUE
DINNER FROM 7 PM.
TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY: 9:00 & 11:30 PM
MAIL & PHONE RESERVATIONS PL 2-4711
Strollers Theatre-Club, 154 EAST 54TH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eric Dolphy on the second half went to another extreme by completely suppressing any of the procedural constraints which traditionally provide a frame of reference against which the individual qualities of jazz improvisations can be perceived.

The basic difficulty posed by both of these "radical" approaches is the necessity to define the actual perceptual nature of jazz itself, to determine which are the essential factors whose presence, even when dissociated from the contexts of traditional formulas, still generates a recognizable sense of "jazz." From this point of view, the Dolphy improvisations are the jazz equivalents of the Darmstadt "experiments" discussed here recently. Dolphy's ruthless submersion of any salient features of the tunes he is supposed to be improvising on beneath an endless stream of self-indulgent "personal" mannerisms that remain the same in every piece (and consist mostly of a monochromatic kazoo tone on the saxophone, and more and more rapid juxtapositions of short patches of very fast figuration in extremely separated registers), brings Severino Gazzeloni's flute-playing very strongly to mind. The net effect of dreary repetitiousness despite extreme contrast is also common to both. What Dolphy seems to have accomplished by his grotesque exaggerations of essentially conventional jazz patterns is simply the creation of drastically constricted and primitive subjazz, in which it becomes obvious that nothing is going to happen.

Of the composed pieces, the four by André Hodeir that opened the program revealed the deepest and most fruitful awareness of these questions, progressing chronologically in the subtlety and range of their solutions. In *Paradoxe I* (1953) for jazz quartet, a fully organized motivic-pitch succession is simply squeezed into jazz-figurational shapes over a regular beat. The "paradoxical" aspect is the simultaneous tracery of two melody lines that are motivically similar but keep attacking out of phase, so that one is always playing grace-notes to the other's onbeat attack. This is an evident, if not very successful, attempt to overcome the great stumbling block of all jazz—its essential rhythmic dullness in all but the most local respects. In *Bicinium* (1956) for jazz octet the earlier approach is broadened by superimposing on the relentless beat two musical units, highly differentiated in all possible respects, but especially in timbre and mode of attack (one group dovetails a continuously arching line, the other flashes out isolated staccato pitchpoints). *Tension-Detente* (1956), another octet piece, goes beyond these basically unitary structures by invoking a harmonic plan of action that begins with close-together abrasions that dissolve into a swinging, independent counterpoint and then reintegrate as "consonances."

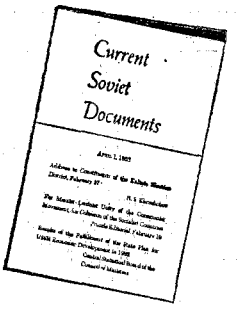
But the most ambitious by far of the Hodeir works was his vocal-instrumental *Jazz Cantata* (1958) in seven brief movements. There the rhythmic and formal limitations of jazz textures are ingeniously overcome by using individual textural patches as the indivisible single elements of a wide-ranging form, like the successive groups of "still" images that make up a film. The material within the patches, moreover, is itself so freshly and individually invented that the contrasts and interrelationships are given real "edge." The vocal sections, which mostly consist of the fastest and most brilliant scat-singing possible, were performed by Susan Belink, who, as one suspected from her performances earlier this year of works by Eric Salzman and Ben Weber, can sing as many pitches as quickly and widely spaced as can be required, and with utmost timbral clarity and accuracy.

After Hodeir's clearly projected intention to solve the compositional problem while maintaining a lucid jazz sense, Lalo Schifrin's *Ritual of Sound* (1963) seemed to bear only a numerological relation to blues structure (according to the program notes), and none at all to jazz continuity or sonority. Schifrin has merely produced a mildly Darmstadt-like piece, with all the verbal paraphernalia, rhythmic discontinuity, and point to point (rather than patch to patch as in Hodeir) succession of the post-Webern

Sparrow

A sparrow is
his hunger organized.
Filled, he flies
before he knows he's going to.
And he dies by the
same movement: filled
with himself, he goes
by the eye-quick
reflex of his flesh
out of sight,
leaving his perfect
absence without a thought.

Wendell Berry



Diplomatic Exchanges
Important Speeches
Editorials
Statistical Reports
Decisions

NOW! Key Soviet Documents Faster For Less Money!

CURRENT SOVIET DOCUMENTS, the *new* weekly round-up of important Soviet documents, gives you the official, unabridged texts at radioteletype speed.

You get solid reference material without comment or interpretation—up-to-the-minute background on the fast-changing scene of U.S.-Soviet relations; disarmament negotiations; developments in Soviet agriculture, industry, education, science, culture, youth, party and government. Included are editorials from Soviet newspapers, statements by public figures, and important government, party, and organizational decisions.

Send for your subscription at $25 for one year, or take advantage of our SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER of three months for $7.

CURRENT SOVIET DOCUMENTS

—FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY—
CROSSCURRENTS PRESS
Dept. N, 156 Fifth Ave., New York 10
Please send me **Current Soviet Documents** ☐ for one year at $25. ☐ for three months at $7. ☐ I enclose $..... ☐ Please bill me

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone ____ State ____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPS

HIGLEY HILL CAMP
in the Green Mountains
Relaxed, unregimented and informal—a unique camp for forty boys and girls 6 to 14 in Southern Vermont. **Rates: eight weeks $475; four weeks $250.** Call or write **Bill and Paula Gerson, Directors, 604 W. 115 St., New York 25, N.Y., UN 5-3579**
INTERRACIAL • NON-SECTARIAN

CAMPING IN THE MIDWEST. Recreational and intellectual nourishment for the free spirit. Cooperative traditions with Folk Art programs, work projects, crafts, hiking, Red Cross swim instruction. Unique family and unit camping facilities. 284 acres on Lake Stewart, Michigan. Write to: **CIRCLE PINES CENTER, DELTON, MICHIGAN.**

VACATIONS

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.
Beautiful 8 mile lake. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing, Entertainment, Superb Cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator. Special "single" weekends. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.
FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449
FORESThouse
LAKE MAHOPAC, N.Y.

FOR RENT

OFF-BEAT HOUSE in N. H. wilds; semi-furnished; extensive library; large fireplace; electricity, stoves, well, but no plumbing. Nominal rent or work it out. **Box 542, c/o The Nation.**

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

BUY YOUR 'BEST BUY' AT STANDARD during 1963. Radios, TV's, Hi-Fi's, Appliances, Gifts, etc. at DISCOUNT PRICES.
STANDARD BRAND DIST.
27 Union Sq. W., N.Y.C. **CH 2-1880**

PERSONALS

INDEPENDENT THINKERS — investigate HUMANISM, the nonsupernatural personal philosophy. Free literature. **American Humanist Association, Dept. N2, Yellow Springs Ohio.**

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 5-4-63
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14
☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $5
☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

cliché, without either the constant inside-outside punning on jazz-twelve-tone analogues within a highly complex structure such as one finds in Babbitt's *All Set* (performed on an earlier Schuller concert), or the flexible movement from "totally organized" texture to free-for-all jazz improvisation and back through relating intermedial degrees, such as one hears in Schuller's own big-band *Transformation* and other of his "third stream" works. Of course, Schifrin wrote for a jazz instrumentation, and one of the great joys of the evening was to hear such music performed precisely and fluently by jazz musicians.

But if Schifrin's music is reasonable compositionally, despite its failure to fulfill any of its pretensions to either jazz or any other originality, Duke Ellington's *Remniscin' in Tempo*, one of the earliest (1935) attempts at formally ambitious jazz, is no more than a loose medley of apparently routine choruses with a corny refrain (although perhaps Schuller's declared enthusiasm for it has subtler grounds than I can discern), and falls into the traps that also make Gershwin's "serious" music so grotesquely inferior to his "commercial" stuff.

As far as individual performances were concerned, the "collective improvisation" at the end of the concert revealed the same relationship between the spectacularly "far out" Dolphy and some of his less "personal" but more musically disciplined colleagues that pertains between the Gazzelonis and the Schullers of the other world. Thus, Don Ellis improvised on trumpet with a fluency and subtlety whose phrase- and pitch-relation to the underlying structure I found extraordinarily perceptive and intelligent, and which made Dolphy's solo break seem incoherent and tongue-tied by comparison. Altogether, the level of instrumentalism was so high that it will be years before I can look a symphony wind-player in the eye. The most memorable demonstrations of competence were the bass playing of Richard Davis, whose pitch- and timbre-sensitivity and delicate dexterity were unshakable even in the raucous context of the Dolphy quartet; the trombone playing of James Knepper, who has found remarkable resources of agility and fluidity in this sluggish instrument, and the saxophone playing of Phil Woods, with its inexhaustible variety of perfectly controlled gradations of tone color, dynamics and phrasing.

(Continued from page 376)

bellion is sometimes intensified in a patriarchical society such as Syria. How the Ba'athists intend to control student power in the future is unknown, but if they are successful in permitting the students to express their sentiments regularly through the ballot, much of this rebellious energy may be constructively dissipated.

The military also suffers from its historical experience and its attachment to a society where politics is a national passion. The Syrians established a tradition, after World War II, of alliances between the military and political parties. Like the public sector, the military is honeycombed with political factions, with each element pressing forward its own ideology and attempting to transfer opposing officers to insignificant assignments. The old Turkish practice of assigning opponents to positions abroad as military attachés has become a cornerstone of Syrian political-military life.

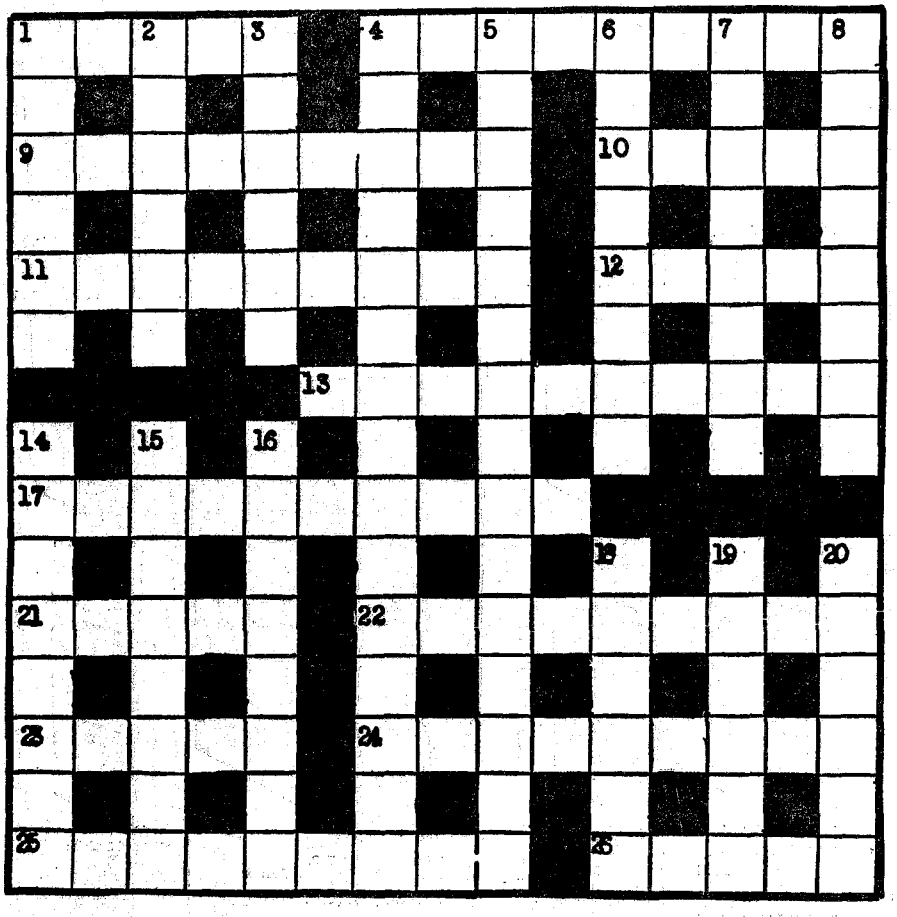
Every previous regime knew that its longevity depended on its politicking with the ascendant military faction. The encouraging note today is that the Ba'athists, hamstrung by their distaste for Army intervention in politics, never succeeded in building up an effective military wing during their peak years of 1955-1958. In the recent revolution, they were driven to rely on Socialist elements of other factions in the military for support, such as Akram al-Hourani's Socialist Party, but the attempted house arrest of al-Hourani may indicate which way the Ba'athist wind will blow. If Christian Michel Aflaq and Moslem Saleh al-Din Bitar, close friends since their student days at the Sorbonne in the early thirties, can direct instead of submitting to military power, they may yet bring about the national rebirth *(ba'ath)* by the modification of traditional attitudes and social organization that they have long pledged.

In the current conflict over the form which unity should take, confederation or federation, the Ba'athists' ability to handle both Nasser and his supporters among the Syrian working class will be their key to survival. As one leading government source described the situation, "present complex, future obscure."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1009

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 26 Lectures by a podiatrist in the field, perhaps? (10)
4 Hips like Kelly, you may remember. (9)
9 and 18 down Recounting with personal difficulty? (2-3-4, 6)
10 Is one confused by too much of it? (5)
11 Circe gone wrong, as noted by the French on some of their comings and goings. (9)
12 The stress caused by a cut is bad, obviously. (5)
13 Not necessarily the work of an author, although the odds are usually in favor of one doing it. (6, 4)
17 Where the woods are likely to constitute an important part of one's drive. (4, 6)
21 Your admission may not entitle you to bring in others if you do. (3, 2)
22 One can easily understand this way to hang something on around her back. (9)
23 The one of the serpent is over them all in Lalla Rookh. (5)
24 Is one likely to be fond of change in Romania to order it? (9)
25 Not having it, things will never pass through. (9)
26 See 1 across

DOWN:

1 Does it imply a sort of potion? (6)
2 It's rank criticism! (6)
3 Pieces of silver, perhaps. (6)
4 Evidently one couldn't get another spear-carrier in! (15)
5 Where the winner is starting to sum up the argument. (2, 3, 5, 5)
6 One declares them to be on the level with Uncle Sam. (8)
7 Novice, it seems, in the course of putting out. (8)
8 Do the Japanese in their cabinets, in remembrance? (8)
14 Doesn't one know about coasting? (8)
15 Belong at each stretch, having no musical family. (8)
16 Belonging to what the military are supposed to throw back? (8)
18 See 9 across
19 Dock? No, just a particular and small part of it. (6)
20 For comparison, here is the term applied. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1008

ACROSS: 1 Marmot; 5 Cabaret; 10 Promenade; 11 Masse; 12 Stanzas; 13 Needled; 14 Swain; 16 Obfuscate; 20 and 18 Out of character; 22 Daybook; 24 Iceland; 26 Celli; 27 Third base; 28 Lessens; 29 Grease. DOWN: 2 Aroma; 3 Muezzin; 4 Transport; 5 Clean; 6 Bumpers; 7 Resultant; 8 Treadle; 9 Spasms; 15 Amaryllis; 17 Forgiving; 18 Codicil; 19 Aconite; 20 Overdue; 21 Fidget; 23 Kites; 25 Amass.

LECTURE

NATIONAL GUARDIAN
Presents
"China — An Eyewitness Account"
A TALK BY
FELIX GREENE
Author of *Awakened China*
a lecture with slides
Thursday, May 9, 8 P.M.
Town Hall, 123 West 43 St., N.Y.
Orchestra $2.50, Balcony $1.50, Loge $5
Tickets available Town Hall Box Office or by calling: EN 2-5727

PUBLICATIONS

L'EXPRESS

the leading liberal paper in France today. Send 10c for your copy. **HOWARD PUBLICATIONS, 1475 Broadway, New York 36**

BOOK COLLECTORS! Discover **The Booklover's Answer**, bi-monthly magazine featuring new books, old books, private presses and little magazines. Introductory one year subscription $2.00. **The Booklover's Answer, Woodstock, New York.**

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW: American Marxist Quarterly. Spring issue just out with articles on Emancipation Proclamation, Future of Negro Struggle, Cuban Revolution, Common Market Crisis, "Arab Socialism." **One year subscription $1.25.** Sample copy sent on request. **116 University Place, New York 3, N.Y.**

THAT BOOK you want, we find. Free Search. **Argonaut Book Search, P.O. Box 18, Claryville, N.Y.**

EDUCATIONAL

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog **FREE. Research Association, Box 24-TN, Olympia, Washington.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. **The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC). 569 Hudson Street, New York 14.**

TELEVISION AND AIR-CONDITIONING. (Bronx, Manhattan, Yonkers). **University Television Service, 150 W. Kingsbridge Rd., Bronx 63, N.Y. CY 8-0420.**

Buy Your Books
through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks) at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

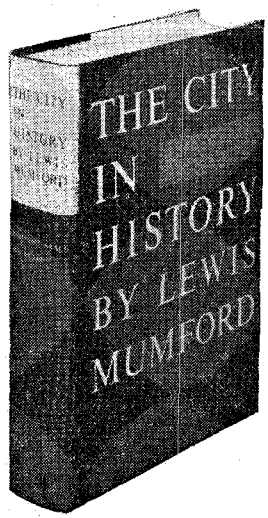
Please address your orders to
THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N.Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Any 3 Books FREE

SAVINGS UP TO $36.00 WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION



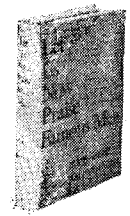
The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95.

Sex, Culture and Myth, Bronislaw Malinowski. Retail $6.95. Member's price $5.50.

The Affluent Society, John Kenneth Galbraith. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.

The Children of Sanchez, Oscar Lewis. Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50.

Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller: A Private Correspondence. Retail $6.95. Member's price $5.50.



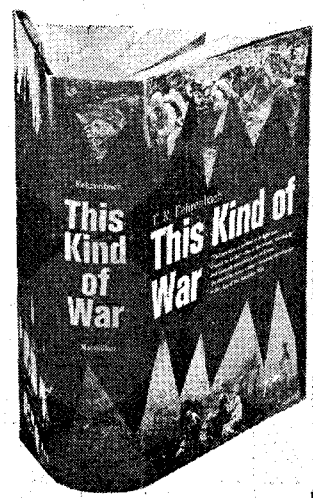
Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, James Agee and Walker Evans. Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.95.

The Warfare State, Fred J. Cook. Preface by Bertrand Russell. Retail $4.95. Member's price $3.95.

America and the World Revolution, Arnold J. Toynbee. Retail $4.75. Member's price

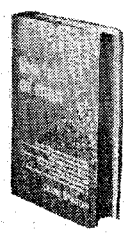
The Feminine Mystique, Betty Friedan. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.95.

The Politics of Upheaval, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.95. Member's price $4.95.

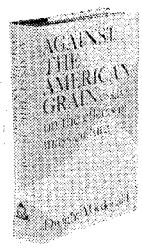


This Kind of War, T. R. Fehrenbach. *The Brutal Lesson of Korea.* Retail $10.00. Member's price $6.50.

Freedom in the Western World, Herbert J. Muller. Retail $8.50. Member's price $5.95.



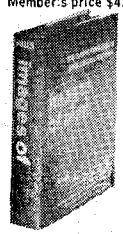
The Fate of Man, edited by Crane Brinton. *Including* Plato, Sophocles, Aquinas, Nietzsche, Engels, Freud, Toynbee, Kant, Whitehead, Kluckhohn, Shapley, Rosenberg, Huxley, and more. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.



Against the American Grain: Essays on the Effects of Mass Culture, Dwight Macdonald. Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.95.

The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell, *edited by Robert E.* Egner and Lester E. Dennon. Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95.

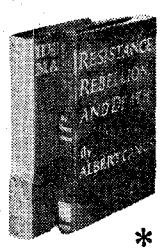
The Golden Age of American Anthropology, edited by Margaret Mead and Ruth Bunzel. Retail $10.00. Member's price $4.95.



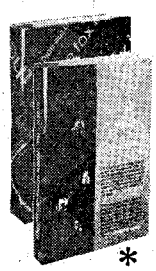
Images of Man: The Classic Tradition in Sociological Thinking, edited by C. Wright Mills. Penetrating studies of man by Lippmann, Spencer, Weber, Marx, *Engels, Veblen, and many* others. Retail $7.50. *Member's price* $4.95.

Identity and Anxiety: Survival of the Person in Mass Society. A massive compendium of studies by Mead, May, Orwell, Rosenberg, Richards, Gorer, *Howe, Jaspers, Mills and more.* Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

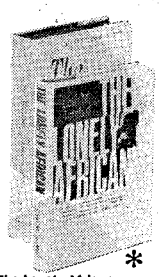
Privacy: *The Right to Be Let Alone,* Morris L. Ernst and Alan U. Schwartz. Retail $6.00. *Member's price* $4.50.



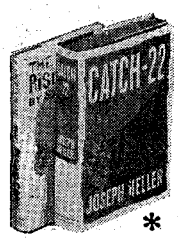
Resistance, Rebellion, and Death, Albert Camus; *and* **The Cuban Story,** Herbert Matthews. Combined retail price $8.50. Member's price (for *both books)* $5.95. *



The Fox in The Attic, Richard Hughes *and* **The Hidden Remnant,** Gerald Sykes. Combined retail price $8.95. Member's price (for both books) $5.95. *



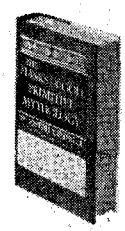
The Lonely African, Colin M. Turnbull; *and* **The Making of Economic Society,** Robert L. Heilbroner. Combined retail price $9.45. Member's price (for both books) $5.95. *



Catch-22, Joseph Heller; *and* **The Rising Gorge,** S. J. Perelman. Combined retail price $10.45. Member's price (for both books) $5.95. *

Pale Fire, Vladimir Nabokov; *and* **Letters of James Agee to Father Flye.** Combined retail price $10.00. Member's price (for both books) $5.95. *

The Masks of God: Oriental Mythology, Joseph Campbell. Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50.



The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology, Joseph Campbell. Retail $6.00. Member's price $4.50.

SELECTIONS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE! Here are some of the selections that the Book Find Club has offered its members at substantial savings. The selections of the Book Find Club **are** different. You will recognize them as works of current interest and lasting value—solid, readable books that range from social science to the fine arts. These are only a few from the outstanding list of more than 100 books and records that the Book Find Club will make available to you as a member if you join now. As an introductory offer, to acquaint you with the benefits and privileges of membership, we invite you to choose any three of the selections pictured above **free** with your first selection. Since several are dual selections*, you may acquire as many as **8** books in this way.

CONVENIENCE. Membership in the Book Find Club makes it possible for you to shop for the books you want in the comfort of your own home—enabling you to build your library conveniently and inexpensively. Each month you will receive The Book Find News, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of the many other books available at special member's prices. You need choose **only** the books you want.

AVERAGE SAVINGS OF 40%. As a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 40% on the books you take. Furthermore, on certain choices your savings will reach and even exceed 50%. Compare the prices of the books shown here. The savings on this introductory offer alone can amount to **as much as $36.00.**

BONUS BOOKS. When your introductory agreement has been completed, you will be entitled to a free bonus book of your own choosing after every third selection that you take.

***Two books counting as one selection**

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club and send me the three free books of my choice with my first selection at the special member's price *(plus postage and handling). I agree to buy at least four additional selections—* or alternates—in the next twelve months. When my introductory agreement has been completed, I will be entitled to a **free bonus book** of my own choosing after every third selection that I take. I am to receive each month without charge the **Book Find News** containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection *and descriptions of all other books available to me at special member's prices. This will enable me to make my own choice: if I do not want the selection announced* I can return your form saying "send me nothing" or use it to order another book from the more than 100 current choice titles offered. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the five additional selections or alternates.

First Selection _____

Free Books 1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

Mr. .....
Mrs. .....
Miss .....

Please print full name

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

(Same offer and prices apply in Canada. Address: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ontario)

B63-57

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED